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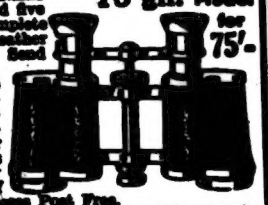

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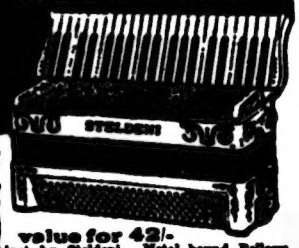

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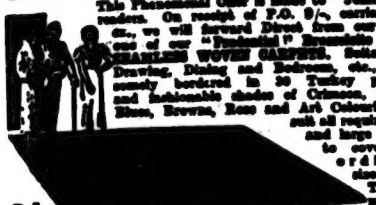

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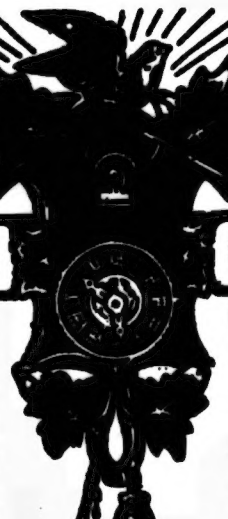

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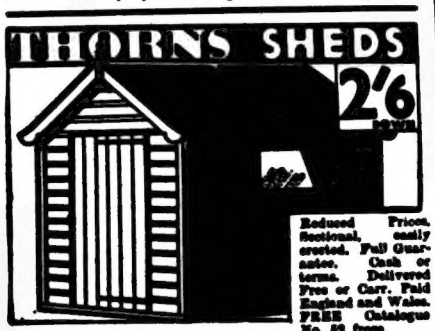

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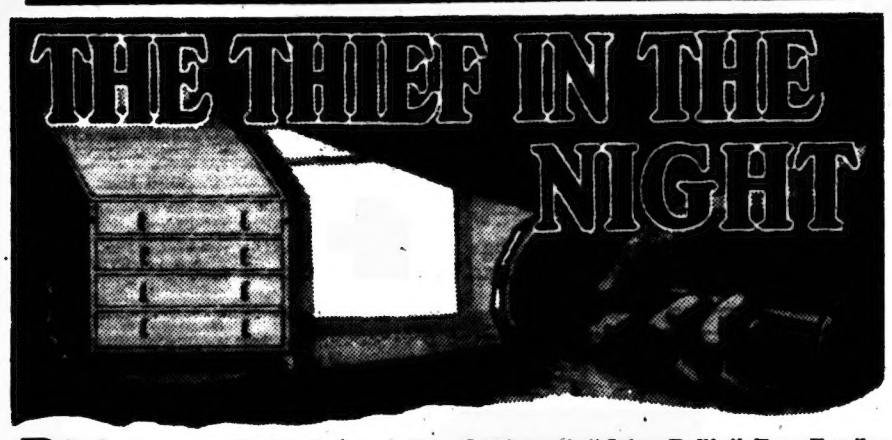
CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats & Novelties, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS. — See the New 1938 "SHIELDA" Pattern Book. Post Free both ways. Apply, Dept. J.B., Bruce & Hall, South Shields.

"CARNIVAL Hats Novelties Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties. 120 Upper St., London, N.1.



READ for yourself this letter from Mr. A. L. Eastwood, of 1, School Cottages, Kemsing, Sevenoaks, Kent, a registered reader of "John Bull."

"I am writing to convey my thanks for the cheque received in settlement of my claim for burglary. With its aid we shall be able to replace the things which were stolen, although the things which we treasured most, such as engagement ring, etc., can never be replaced at their full sentimental value. Still, through your generosity we feel a deep gratitude to 'John Bull.' Thanking you once again for your kind assistance."

It is easy to picture for yourself the utter dismay of Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood when they came downstairs to discover that their house had been ransacked overnight. Imagine their delight when a few days later Mr. Eastwood received a prompt cheque under the Burglary Section of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift.

"John Bull" can show you thousands of similar letters, and in all is expressed the same deep gratitude for "John Bull's" timely aid and assistance.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS. In addition to providing numerous benefits to cover common every-day risks "JOHN BULL" is still the *only* paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£796 0s. 7d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £796 0s. 7d. to registered readers or their dependants.

Are YOU safeguarded? If not—use the forms below without delay—TO-DAY. It's something you should not put off a moment.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFIT

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JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 26/3/38

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 26/3/38

CUT HERE

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 60 provincial newspapers: for London Suburban, 9/10. Webb 2/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus: 90, Rudolph & Dickson, 225, High Holborn, London W.C.1 (Chancery 6113.)

RETAILERS—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in John Bull's famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 800 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 28, 37-39 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d.: 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE — NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, (Dept. J B.), 238, MILE END RD., London, E.1

FREE Stencilled Rug Canvas design.—Write for details & sample. Sale price Rug & Knit Wools. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), N/c-on-Tyne.

COMPLETE Chimney Sweeping and Drain Cleaning Machine, 12/6 only—a bargain advertised in John Bull's "Shop Window" top of page 2. See advert. of S. Tyzack & Son, Ltd.

INVALID CHAIRS and Carriages of every description. Turn to page 2 and read the advt. of Messrs. Harding, of Bath. Then send for the Free Illustrated Catalogue.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made 72-piece Layette for only 30/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

BARGAIN hunters should not overlook Bolsom's Furnishing offers on page 5. Fill in the coupon for free copy of their Furnishing Bargain Book.

EVERY home should have an Acme Portable Wringer-Mangle—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Write at once, mentioning John Bull, for free illus. booklet, 1c, describing all models, sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E. See p. 35.

GET particulars of the Pilco Electric Cycle Lamps by writing, mentioning John Bull, for catalogue to Pilco, Ltd., Wailing Street, Manchester. See page 37.

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/72, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning John Bull, to their address, or to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon on p. 31.

GARDENING.

FREE.—"Your Garden," 60-page book in full colours. Advice on Gardening by leading experts —Richard Sudell, R. H. Cook, A. Wheatcroft, Reg. Beale, etc. Limited Number only. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) for YOURS now.—LASCO, LTD., Dept. 1, LIVERPOOL.

WHY TURF YOUR LAWN? Our Special Lawn Seed ensures a fine velvety weed-free lawn. 1/- lb., 7 lb. 5/-, 14 lb. 9/6, 28 lb. 18/6, 56 lb. 35/6, 112 lb. 69/6. Or C.O.D. Carriage Paid. Sowing instructions enclosed. Illustrated Seed Annual Free.—SOWERBUTTS, Seedsmen, M.H.14, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

HOLIDAY CAMPS.

BRAMBLES CHINE HOLIDAY CAMP, Colwell Bay, Isle of Wight.—Book now for a jolly holiday. Send for Brochure to A. G. Preece.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

FAMOUS CARLTON DRUMS & ACCESS. Piano-Accordions, Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings 1938 Cat. free. Easiest Terms.—J. E. Raymond, 8, Lawrence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

YOU can get attractive Murphy Mains Table and other models on hire-purchase terms. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, for catalogue, etc. See p. 14.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED. — Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Maynard Tablet Co., 24-26, Connor, Derby.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Safe and Certain Physician's remedy for Colds, Influenza, Headache, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

RUPTURED! Don't suffer any longer. Try Blunden's marvellous new invention. Only weighs a few ounces, yet is so strong that it will hold any rupture, however severe, firmly and gently. Free Trial.—Blunden Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 839Y), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FREE.—Heath and Heather offer a free copy of their "Pleasure Book of Herbs," which has meant new health to thousands. Fill in the coupon on page 38 and post to Heath and Heather, Ltd. (Dept. S), St. Albans, Herts.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon completed on page 37.

FREE.—"How to be happy and healthy in winter." An interesting free brochure can be obtained by all readers who write at once to Dept. J.B.3, Wilcox Jessop & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2. See special offer in Famel syrup advt. on page 38.

AN instructive 60-page book on how to build strength and get renewed energy can be obtained post free and without obligation on application to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd. Dept. J.B.3/8, 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1. See page 42.

CATARRH Sufferers.—Send for full details, free, of the new Katarrine Treatment. Write, mentioning John Bull, to the Katarrine Supply Co., Thames Chambers, Chelmsford. So confident are the makers of the new Katarrine Treatment that it is supplied on 7 days' trial and your money returned if it fails. See page 29.

TEST SAMPLE and free 64-page book, "Nature's Healing Powers," for all sufferers from gastric and digestive troubles. Don't overlook the Sanatone advert. on page 34. Fill in the coupon and attach 6d. P.O. or stamps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply fill in the coupon on page 34 or send a postcard to Oramhez, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), Norwich.

FREE Cash Prizes. £5 in prizes are offered by the Proprietors of Diplomat Cheese for the best limerick. See page 31. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

FREE.—Paintings' Every Mother's Book.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Alfred Pennings, Devon, E.W. See page 39.

FREE GIFTS!—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.43, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a wonderful free booklet and voucher, worth 3 coupons, which will give you full particulars of offer. Write at once for free booklet. See p. 28.

ACCEPT this special free offer. A choice of any three of the following "Harlene" gifts: (1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Unna Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair-Wash; (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Cut out the coupon on page 33, attach 4d. stamp to cover the cost of postage, etc.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

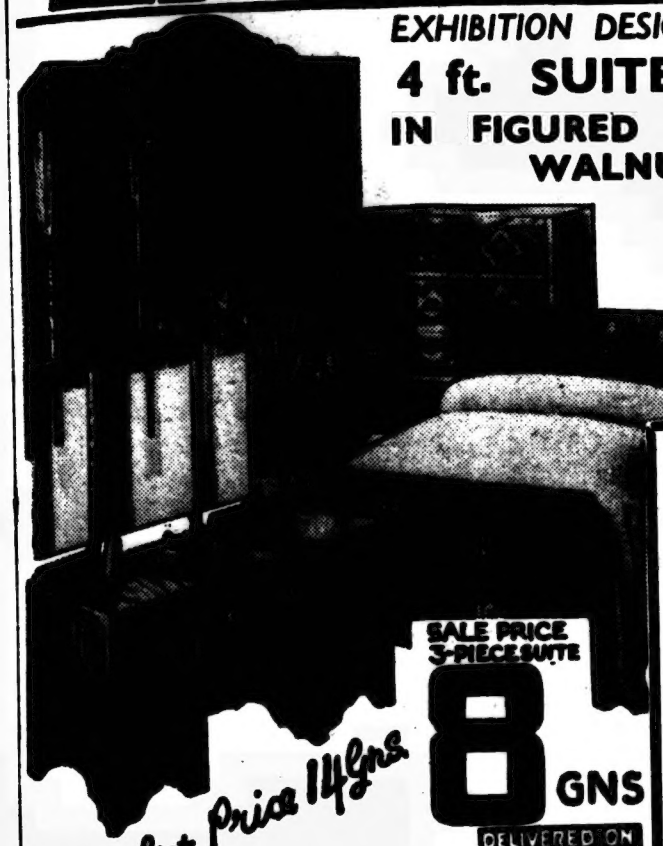
Bolsoms' EASTER SALE

£30,000 STOCK of HIGH GRADE LOUNGE, DINING & BEDROOM SUITES TO BE CLEARED AT HUGE REDUCTIONS!

An amazing opportunity for you to furnish or refurnish your home at prices which show you a genuine saving of 7/6 to 10/- in the £. Such an opportunity should not be missed!

Call at Once – or Post your Order Now!

EXHIBITION DESIGN 4 ft. SUITE IN FIGURED WALNUT



SALE PRICE 3-PIECE SUITE **8 GNS**

List Price 14 Gns.

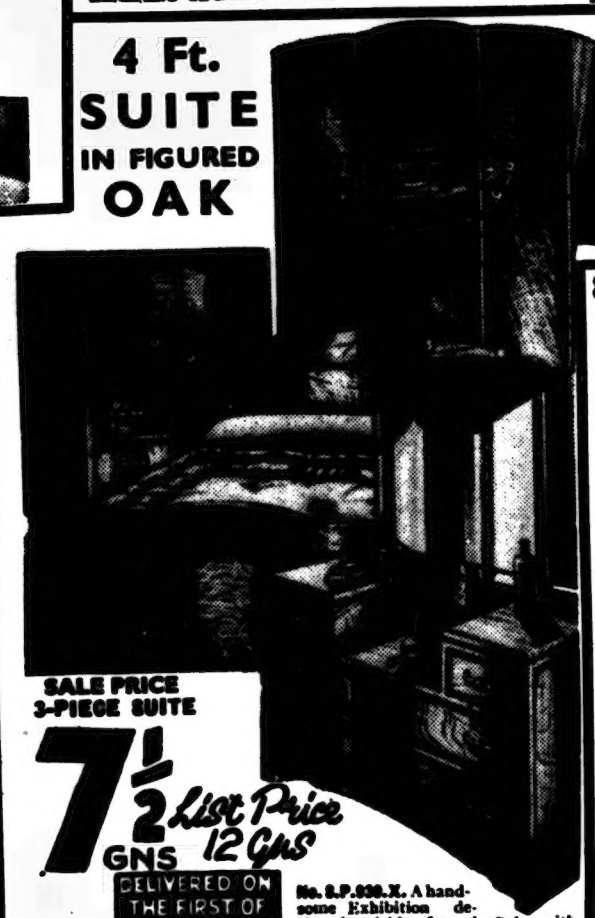
DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **7/9**

Suite with 4ft. Bedstead and Spring 11 Gns. or 24 Payments of 10/6.

No. S.P.982X.—A high-grade production in rich dark figured walnut. Soundly built and perfectly finished in every detail and polished with a brilliant mirror finish. 4ft. Wardrobe, fitted with 2 half-shelves, hanger rails and sliding hooks. Triple Mirror Dressing Table and large 4-drawer Chest.

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES.

4 Ft. SUITE IN FIGURED OAK



SALE PRICE 3-PIECE SUITE **7½ GNS**

List Price 12 Gns

DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF 23 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **7/6**

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES

No. S.P.938.X. A handsome Exhibition design in richly figured Oak, with beautifully figured inlays in a lighter tone. The 4ft. Wardrobe is fitted inside with two half-shelves, hanger rails and hooks. Sunk-centre Dressing Table, with large triple mirrors, and commodious Cupboard-Chest.

SUITE with 4ft. Bedstead and Coil Spring, 10 Gns. Or 23 Payments of 10/-.

8-CUSHION LOUNGE SUITE in TAPESTRY

WITH PULLMAN SEAT CUSHIONS

SALE PRICE **9 GNS.**

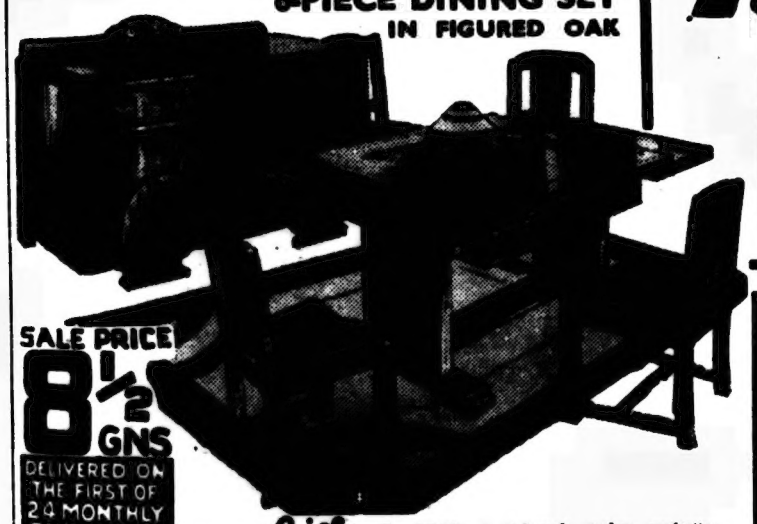
DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **8/9**

List Price 16 Gns

No. S.P.984.—A luxurious suite in a very popular modern design. Built on massive seasoned birch frames, well sprung and upholstered in hard-wearing Tapestries, in Blues, Fawns, Greens or Browns. Fitted with Pullman multi-spring seat cushions and soft back cushions. Settee 87ins. wide. Easy Chairs 33ins. wide.

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

6-PIECE DINING SET IN FIGURED OAK



SALE PRICE **8½ GNS**

DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **8/3**

List Price 13½ Gns.

No. S.P.988.—A high-grade modern production, beautifully designed and soundly built in richly figured Oak. 4ft. Sideboard fitted with 2 cupboards and 2 drawers (one baize-lined and divided for cutlery). Modern style refectory table, extending to 5ft. x 3ft. Suite complete with 4 Dining Chairs 84 Gns. Wonderful value at the Price.

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES.

MODERN BED-SETTEE SUITE IN GRAINED LEATHER CLOTH AND VELOUR

SETTEE OPENS TO A COMFORTABLE DOUBLE BED IN ONE EASY MOVEMENT

SALE PRICE BED-SETTEE **4½ GNS.**

DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF 14 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **7/6**

No. S.P.983.—A suite of real comfort and the greatest utility. Settee is 4ft. 9in. wide and opens to a magnificently sprung double bed. Easy Chairs to match 32in. wide. The Suite upholstered in grained leather cloth in Blue, Brown Red or Tapestries to tone. Easy Chairs to match Velours or

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

POST ORDERS

To:—BOLSOMS DEPT. J.B. 40-44, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2, with remittance or deposit. (Cheques, M.O.s or P.O.s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered.) Easy terms to approved accounts in England and Wales. You can order by Post with every confidence. A furnishing expert deals personally with every Post Order.

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TOOTING	1-3, HIGH STREET
SUTTON	165-169, HIGH STREET
CROYDON	139, NORTH END
LEWISHAM	229, HIGH STREET
WEST EALING	108-110, THE BROADWAY
WALTHAMSTOW	241-245, HIGH STREET
ILFORD	134, HIGH ROAD
ROMFORD	75, 77, 79, SOUTH STREET
HOLLOWAY	376, HOLLOWAY ROAD
CANNING TOWN	89-91, RATHBONE ST.
BETHNAL GREEN	189-195, GREEN ST.

PLEASE NOTE STRAND and ALL BRANCHES, except Oxford St. and Kensington, OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY 9 a.m.—6 p.m. Oxford St. and Kensington shut Saturday 1 p.m., open all day Thursday to 8 p.m.
Head Office 'Phone: VICTORIA 7010-9. Props.: BOLSOM BROS. (1929), Ltd.

3-PIECE SUITE **9 GNS.** OR 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **8/9**

CUT THIS COUPON OUT & POST NOW!

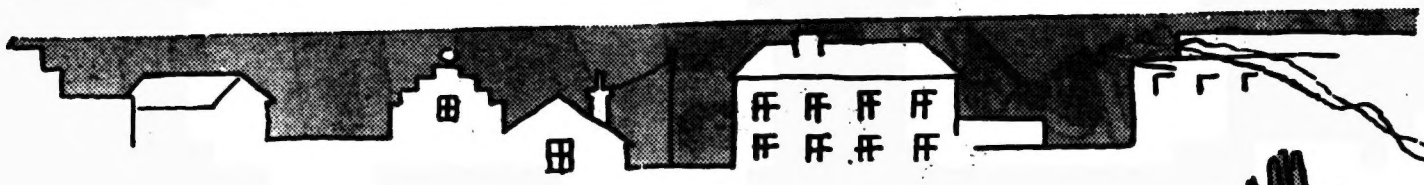
TO:— BOLSOMS' 40-44, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

PLEASE SEND ME YOUR LATEST FURNISHING BARGAIN BOOK

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B



YOU'RE IN LUCK'S WAY IF YOU CHANGE TO

BLACK CAT
CIGARETTES

B.C. 65

MEDIUM **10 for 4D.** also **15 for 6D.**

Black Cat cigarettes are a grand smoke! Just try them! Made from a perfect blend of pure, unadulterated tobaccos—always fresh—always cool—always the same high quality.

EXTRA LARGE GREEN BAND **10 for 6D.**

Discerning buyers get full value *for their money in this cigarette. Made from the choicest Virginian leaf they are of increased length and contain more tobacco.*

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 26, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Moralists Want to Snoop on Lovers
"Hush-Hush" Boys are Busy Again
Shyness Drove a Man to Death

So the Hush-Hush boys are at it again.

In the Army—where there are plenty of 'em—they are asking Mr. Hore-Belisha to have courts-martial held in camera.

They won't have much luck.

Unknown Quantity

Would *you* join the Army if its justice was an unknown quantity to you?

Of course you wouldn't. Nor would the modern lad. So the War Minister just isn't listening.

We're glad, for we have more than a suspicion that these Hush-Hush boys of the High Command are being Hush-Hush at his expense as well.

Overseas Oblivion

We can't resist thinking that they have been secretive to Mr. Hore-Belisha about conditions overseas.

It looks like it, seeing that he has done so much for the Army at home and so little for the fellows abroad.

Unfit for Beasts

We get grouses from Meerut of soldiers *and soldiers' wives and children* living in elephant huts, which, dark, ramshackle and without water laid on, are unfit for elephants anyhow.

Of Army troopships: "We were housed and treated like cattle."

Soldier Scrubbers

From a fighting unit in Malta: "None of us knows much about a rifle. They haven't let me do a month's soldiering.

"But not many housewives have had more experience of broom and scrubbing-brush."

And from Rajputana: "We are crimed if, when we are on parade, we make one move to shake away swarms of flies that suck at our eyes and mouths."

The Right Reply

We are prepared to give Mr. Hore-Belisha reams of details like that—withholding the names of our informants, of course.

We know he intends to make Army life overseas really full and enjoyable in the near future, and these grouses should spur him to do it at once.

And to tell the Hush-Hush boys to go to—well, Meerut or Rajputana!

Mills Slow Down

Meanwhile the shadow of unemployment deepens over Lancashire's cotton industry.

Her second best customer—West Africa—has ceased buying.

So mill gates clang on hundreds here and hundreds more there. Yarns pile up. Debts, too.

Too Poor to Buy

Fact is that the natives are too poor to buy.

A Commission is being sent out by the Colonial Secretary to find the reason. Perhaps the following may give you some indication.

Pyres of Profit

The natives have heard at last of artificial restriction of output, marketing schemes, and other white man's methods of increasing prices.

They are burning their cocoa in an effort to hold their own against European buyers.

One fire, fed night and day for a week, lights the sky. The local population dances round it. And there are hundreds such fires.

Teaching Their Teachers

Elders, chiefs and farmers are all joining in the frenzied burning—are even threatening to chop the cocoa plantations down and return to their primitive state.

It was we who taught them that such methods were "good for trade."

Good for trade! Ask Lancashire!

Our Nosey-Parkers

One mention of "good" and up bobs our long-nosed Public Morality Council.

It thinks courting couples should have an eye kept on them—will suggest it in its annual report due in a fortnight.

It will recommend plain-clothes watchers for places like Epping Forest, Clapham Common, Hampstead Heath, where blackmailers, for whom they might be inconveniently mistaken, wear plain clothes, too!

Who are They!

Now, then, you courting couples: *What about keeping an eye on the Public Morality Council?*

Good fun to discover where it finds its Pecksniffs.

And its queer ideas.

Shyness Killed Him

Nothing but haunting tragedy in this, however:

Cuthbert Coulthard, fifty-six-year-old Durham lead-miner, lost his job.

Having to appear before an Unemployment Assistance Board regarding his benefit claim, he took his life just before the appointment. "He was shy of meeting the big men," said his son.

Lest We Forget

May those of us who ever have to sit in authority at one time or another always remember the Cuthbert Coulthards of this life.

There would be less bullying: less browbeating.

Telling the World

Schoolchildren alone know how their wireless lessons were interrupted the other day by an excited: "This is my big chance"—apparently from somebody waiting in another studio.

"A slight contretemps," announced the B.B.C.

Get away! It was a thumping good lesson!

To See or Be Seen!

Here's another good lesson. For the Minister of Transport.

A coroner has found that a vehicle's lights must be visible from a certain distance ahead but they don't have to enable the driver to see a reasonable distance ahead.

Apparently the pedestrian must see the car—not the car-driver the pedestrian.

Branded

And here's something the Home Secretary should learn.

Prison authorities, who mark every letter received by a prisoner, do the same when those letters are references supplied by employers.

Heartbreaking for a man who plans to use those letters to gain a fresh start.

Ice-Cold Charity

It's hard enough for the discharged convict to avoid going to the workhouse as it is.

Some heartless P.A.C.s give these men one month's relief only. Then—the institution.

As if the tide of circumstance that sweeps a man back to jail isn't strong enough already!

Roman Holidays

Still, we're getting more enlightened about judicial floggings and birchings, against which we've fought for years.

Now an authoritative Commission has condemned them, and it is for the Government to bring its recommendations into law.

These punishments merely make bad men worse and provide Roman holidays for sadists.

Playing With Fire

Little more than a year ago efforts were made to corner some of the metals necessary in rearmament.

Prices fell—and some grasping fingers were badly burnt. Now, with intensified rearmament promised, there are more efforts at cornering.

We hope the metal's still hot!

Big, Bad "Bears"

Which reminds us the Chancellor is to be urged in the House to tax the "bears."

These people deliberately depreciate values to buy back at the lower values.

As they have forced down by more than £500,000,000 securities quoted in London, using panic and rumour as their weapons, we don't mind if those "bears" are given sore heads.

'Ware These Sharks

Incidentally, share-pushers are still sending out circulars at a rate of half a million a week.

We mention this because our success in exposing those swindlers and pioneering the great clean-up of them has lulled many people into a sense of false security.

That's Better

Here's enlightenment, however. Bolton's police patrol cars are to be painted silver.

"Why, people will recognise them!" Exactly. That's just what the Chief Constable wants.

Preferring to warn people rather than nip them, he shows an uncommonly good knowledge of human nature.

Stamp of Worth

From Birmingham comes news that the local authority will insist on laying just one brick whenever it surveys a house that is being well and truly built.

That brick will be a hall-mark as long as the house stands—a sign to possible buyers of the future that "here is a good British job of work."

Paid In Kind

Some of the jerry-built houses we see make us inclined to throw a brick.

At the builder.

Write to JOHN BULL About It!

HIGH-LIGHTS THIS WEEK

Half-Way Husband - - - p. 9
Who Dares to Fight? - - - p. 10
Taxation's Toll, by A. G. G. - - p. 15
Great Short Story - - - p. 21
Women with Wings - - - p. 22
Grave Police Scandal - - - p. 24

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Sail Wall

Before Christmas, I saw some women's coats priced £2 to £3 each. At a sale in the same shop I now see the same articles at £1 5s. and £1 10s. each.

That being so, I fail to see how the prices asked in the first place represent anything other than barefaced robbery.—Mrs. S. Wright, 17, Stephen's Road, London, E.15.

A wrong deduction. Modern shops have to buy in big quantities if they are to buy economically, therefore—to make store room—they must deal drastically with remainders. Time comes when article "mustn't go back into stock." Then price asked will go down and down until it sells—perhaps at one-fifth the price paid to manufacturer.

Taffy is Huffy

As a "Taffy," I protest against the use of the word "welsher" to describe any form of trickster. It is a horrible slur on my race.

I should like to know where it originated—and to meet the originator, if he is still alive.—G. B., 24, Connaught Road, Luton, Beds.

One theory is that word was first applied to an Englishman who collected deposits on Welsh ponies and was unable to deliver them; another that it signifies a stranger on the racecourse (derivation: German word welsch, meaning foreigner).

Tracks for Taxes

So popular has roller-skating become that it's surely time our local councils gave children safe little tracks in recreation grounds where they could speed to their hearts' content. Think of the relief to mothers and fathers—and, after all, they tip up sufficient in rates and taxes to pay for a bit of cementing.—Mrs. D. Stokes, 12, West Avenue, Watford Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Alarmed by accidents due to children roller-skating among traffic, many school authorities are giving children facilities to use playgrounds out of school hours.

Get-Rich-Quicks

Readers know those snowball schemes. They know the promises that if you send a shilling to certain addresses they will get a small fortune in shillings back, as their return, within a given number of days.

Well, I have worked out that for such a promise to be kept, as far as one typical scheme is concerned, 1,525,878,906 people—almost the entire world population — would be participating within seventy days, and the promoter would have netted £76,293,945. — Arthur S. Taylor, 21, Helmsdale Road, Nelson, Lancs.

Scheme our reader analyses offers fortune as a definite certainty, not as a gamble. Read his figures again and decide whether it is!

"Misery" for Mothers

Unnecessary and needless apprehension is caused to expectant mothers when they hear in the religious broadcast services far-too-fervent supplication for women in travail.

Such services are listened to in nursing and maternity homes. I am not alone in my opinion that a lot of harm can be done to a nervous and apprehensive woman.—Doctor, Surrey.

This letter comes from a very eminent medical man, who for obvious reasons cannot permit his name to be published. Knowing that, we are sure the B.B.C. will give the matter consideration.

It is not known widely enough that the Corporation always makes changes in its programmes for such reasons where it is satisfied they are called for.

Queer Queries

After I had finished laughing at the "Voice of the People" letter about silly questions asked on an application form for heavy goods licences, I picked up a document that had arrived.

It was a local electoral form, and sought: "Householder's full name and sex. If married, wife's full name and sex."—Edward V. Sladden, 198, Albert Road, Leyton, London, E.10.

This is one of a dozen letters to reach us in the last fortnight on crazy official questions.

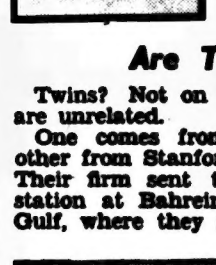
Where the Bee Sips

Honeysuckle has no odour to attract bees by day. At night, when it has, the bees are absent. What is more, bees cannot reach the nectaries of the flower.

So "Honeysuckle and the Bee"—both song and old saying—are nonsense.—Botanist, Temple Park Crescent, Edinburgh.

Point is that word "honeysuckle" was coined many centuries ago to describe any flower from which honey can be sucked. Meadow clover is still called honeysuckle in parts of West Country.

Readers' Picture Gallery



Can It?

Of course the camera can lie.

How do you suppose this table was lifted? Not, I might tell you, by spirits.—S. S., 56, North Circular Road, Dublin.

Are They?

Twins? Not on your life. They are unrelated.

One comes from Greenock, the other from Stanford-le-Hope, Essex. Their firm sent them out to its station at Bahrein Island, Persian Gulf, where they met for the first

time. Heaven knows what Bill and Bert thought when they first saw each other.—Frank Campbell, 52, Abbott Crescent, Clydebank, Scotland.

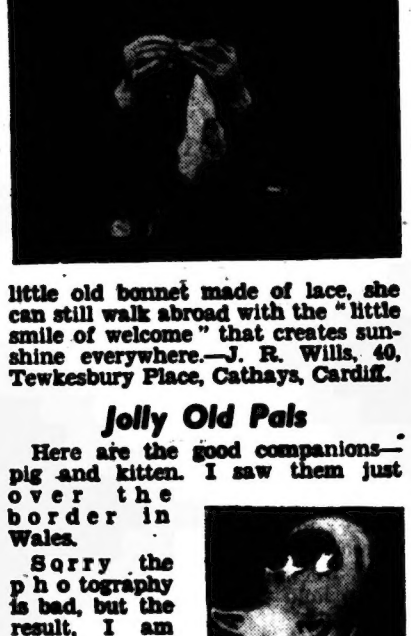
Young Godfather

For fifteen years seven months I have been the only child. Imagine my delight to have a baby sister at last. I feel highly honoured to have been made her godfather,

which must be unusual.—Master Gordon Wood, 49, Portland Place, West Bridgford, Notts.

Sunny Side Up

Composer of "Little Old Lady" must have seen my mother—God bless her. Ninety-six in July, with



little old bonnet made of lace, she can still walk abroad with the "little smile of welcome" that creates sunshine everywhere.—J. R. Wills, 40, Tewkesbury Place, Cathays, Cardiff.

Jolly Old Pals

Here are the good companions—pig and kitten. I saw them just over the border in Wales.

Sorry the photography is bad, but the result, I am sure, would not have been so good if I had posed the picture. — F. Marriott, 45, Carlton Road, Birkenhead.

Taking no Chances!

I call this cheating. Picture is of Merlin's Oak, Carmarthen, about which is written:

"When the oak falls down, then falls Carmarthen town."

Carmarthen takes no risk. It has propped the wooden shell up with concrete! — B. C. Maggs, 19, Brynymor Road, Swansea.

And Give Change?

I wonder if Moses, aged twenty-one, owned by local Co-operative

Bakery Department, is Britain's wisest horse? He knows all the houses of call, nuzzles the doors, and has even been known to lift and drop the knocker.—A. Carr, 56, Belgrave Avenue, Belgrave, Leicester.

What's in a Name?

Why call the village smithy a blacksmith? What is there black about him?—T. W. Good, Skeaf, Bandon, County Cork.

Nothing. But he works in blacker metals than the whitesmith, whose speciality is tin.

Could They Fly?

I fail to see any reason why bicycles shouldn't be fitted with aeroplane wings and rudders, and, with the pedals geared to a small propeller, made to fly.—William H. Jenkins, 19, Honkin Street, Aberavon, Port Talbot, Glam.

We do. Cyclist would have to supply about seven horse-power to maintain flight. Winged cycles without pro-

pellers have, however, been raced down steep hills and made to hop glider-fashion.

Turned Away

I assure you I am a responsible-looking adult. And the other Sunday I took a seven-year-old boy to see the dolls presented by Queen Mary to the Wilberforce Museum, the lad's mother being too ill.

I was turned away on the grounds that nobody could take a child round except his parents.

Is there anybody in this land who can doubt that Queen Mary would rather little orphans see those dolls than any other child?—Miss M. Helm, 31, Newcomen Street, Southcoates Lane, Hull.

Nobody would doubt that. We are sure that the museum authorities, looking at it in this light, will think again.

Blushing Brides

I am fifteen, and I have started work in a factory where it is customary for the girls to sing songs whenever a fellow-worker gets married.

What puzzles me, however, is that the songs are never appropriate. Nine out of ten forecast chaos on the wedding-day, such as:

"No Bridegroom with the ring turned up.

"They found him in the river with his toes turned up."—Brenda Coombes, 32, Buckingham Terrace, Bishopshill, York.

Singing of boisterous songs was associated with weddings as far back as mediæval days. They were sung outside bride's house. Then there used to be the struggle for the bride's garters and other customs too hearty for 1938!

Ghostly

The words "Keep Cool" are appearing in huge letters across the mirror of an expensive bedroom suite I bought three years ago from a high-class furnisher. The effect is most ghostly.—H. Collings, 8, Manor Street, Darnside, Huddersfield.

Furniture manufacturer tells us: Thin, pliable wood such as is used in tea-chests is good backing for mirrors, but care should be taken to remove stencilling. Ink has some chemical effect.

●

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A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 15
Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 17
True Story ..... Page 26
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Greatest of These— ..... Page 34

Is Thirty a Difficult Age?

"I feel trapped, in a rut," said Ken

Half-way Husband

by Mary Neilson

I HAD planned such a happy birthday for Ken, my husband.

For it has always seemed to me—quite illogically, I suppose—that thirty is such an important age.

Mother had agreed to come in and look after the children—we have two—and I had booked seats for a show.

Only in the pit, of course, for we've had a pretty expensive year. It was only four months ago that baby arrived.

After the show there was to be a special little extravagance—supper at the tiny Italian restaurant where Ken and I used to go so often when we were courting.

That was to be my treat, and I had saved up the price of the meal out of my housekeeping.

Well, Ken went off in the morning as pleased as Punch. I was so thrilled about it all I thought the hours would never pass until his return. But at last there was his knock on the door and his whistle.

When I let him in and he kissed me I noticed he seemed preoccupied, as if he were worried, but in the hustle of preparing a snack and changing I forgot about it, and in the train to town he had cheered up again.

★

The show was grand, and we enjoyed every minute of it, but later, when we sat at our table for two in that tiny Italian restaurant, Ken seemed more preoccupied than ever and a frown was creasing his forehead.

I waited until the coffee came before I said anything. Then . . .

"What's on your mind, Ken?" I asked. "I wanted you to be so happy to-night."

"I'm afraid it's bad news, Mary," said Ken.

"You've not been sacked?"

I could feel my heart pounding. There were bills to be paid, and neither my parents nor his could afford to give us much help.

"No, Mary," said Ken, "it's not the sack—not just yet, anyway. But the boss called me in to-day and told me pretty straight that I would have to get on or get out.

"There were plenty of younger men coming along, he said, who could do my job as well as I could—and more cheaply.

"He has given me a month's grace—to prove myself, I suppose. But the real trouble is that I agree with him.

"Every word he said was true. There are plenty of younger men who could do my job just as well—and more cheaply.

"Funny it should happen to-day—my thirtieth birthday. I feel as though I have reached a half-way house, not in my life, but in my career.

"Thousands of other young men of my age must be feeling the same way. The time I have left in which to win success seems so limited now—yet when we were married, just five short years ago, I thought I had ages of time.

"Please don't think I'm frightened of growing old—physically, I mean.

"What scares me is that feeling of frustration; the knowledge that precious chances are slipping by, that to win the success I planned there is so much to do and so little time in which to do it.

"Most of the things I dreamed of achieving when I was twenty I know now I will never achieve.

"Where am I? In an office, doing a 'safe' humdrum job at £5 a week. I can't take risks because I'm married and have children.

"I feel trapped, in a rut.

"Remember those letters I got last week from Bill and Frank.

"Bill, who is thirty-five, simply said he was 'fed up.'

"Frank, who is about the same age, was more explicit.

"He said: 'I'm unhappy. I want to succeed, but at present I'm a complete wash-out. I'm tired and restless.

"'Try as I may, I don't seem to make any headway. Something has gone wrong somewhere, and the devil of it is I don't know where.'

"Those letters made me think, Mary, and now they are making me think still more.

"Obviously, I'm not the only fellow who is worried about being thirty. So, you see, I'm not making a mountain out of a molehill.

"Time and time again I've read that if a man is to succeed he must be well on the road by the time he is thirty-five.

"And at forty he has gone as far as he will go. After that he spends his time consolidating his position.

★

"Well, I'm thirty! I've five years to be up and doing, ten years to win through. But, so far as the boss is concerned, I've got a month!

"It is this idea of a time-limit, I think, which is most unsettling.

"Year by year competition is increasing as new-comers, fresh from school, swell the ranks.

"I'm not criticising the youngsters, mind you. They're a splendid crowd, keen, well educated, and, I think, for the most part they are better equipped for the fight than I was at their age.

"They've initiative, plenty of push—and they've got *ideas*!

"Again, there is this perpetual talk of war, this eternal menace of business 'reorganisation.'

I don't suppose people have ever been so restless as they are to-day—nor so conscious and frightened of growing old."

Now Ken has always unburdened most of his troubles to me. But this was the biggest problem which had ever faced me.

Obviously, for his good, my own, and for the sake of our children, we had to take stock.

Don't blame me if my stock-taking was not too accurate. I've never handled anything more complicated than a household budget.

But I think I got to the root of Ken's problem, and only time will prove whether my solution to his difficulties will be the right one.

"So you're scared of being too old at thirty!" I said.

"But I'm glad you told me, for if we nail this worry down and look at it calmly I'm sure we won't find it is half as big as you imagine.

"You say you can't take risks because we are married and have children.

"Did you think of that when we stood at the altar together, or when Sonny was born?

"You were still going to a night school then, remember? You were much too busy planning ahead, looking forward.

"You said then that by the time you were thirty you would be 'high up' in the firm.

"You didn't know quite what you meant by that—running one of the district offices, probably.

"At forty you would have the manager's job.

"Then, as time went on, you found that things weren't quite as simple and clean-cut as that. Wage increases were fairly regular—up to a point. And then you stuck.

"You were impatient. You chafed at little obstacles.

"Petty dishonesties you noticed angered and tended to embitter you. But you didn't seem to notice that that sort of thing never brought anyone any lasting advantage. Sooner or later they were always caught out.

"You began to get disheartened.

"And now you wail: 'I'm thirty! Somebody help me!' What rubbish!

★

"You've got a sound job if you put your back into it. I know it's not a world-shaker—but £5 a week is pretty good these days.

"I remember reading in the paper—only yesterday, in fact—that 80 per cent. of the wage-earners in Britain get less—much less—than that.

"We're rich judged by the standard of millions, to say nothing of those unemployed.

"Tied down! Hemmed in! Wrapped up with family responsibilities! Rubbish!

"Don't you realise that this 'weakness' can be your strength?

"And what's this about forty being the limit?

"Brain power goes on increasing long after that.

"The men who raised that absurd 'Too-old-at-forty' cry a few years back aren't quite so noisy nowadays. In fact, they're keeping pretty mum.

"I think they'd confess privately that they are not only holding down their jobs, but are now beginning to make real progress!

"*Stop looking back.* Cut out the dead wood; get rid of those impracticable ideas; guide the energies you've been wasting in youth into channels carved out by experience.

"Your growing pains are over, Ken. Now you are equipped to make real progress with courage and confidence.

"I could almost bless the boss for giving you this shake-up. It'll do you good."

Well, that was my answer to Ken's song of sorrow. It may sound like vanity, but I thought secretly I had not done too badly. I saw he was impressed.

Ken's month of grace is nearly up now, but neither of us is feeling worried about *that*.

Three times in three weeks the boss has called him in and praised his work. I have a "hunch" the end of the month will bring not the sack—but promotion.

The Bombers are beaten so—

WHO DARES to

THREE years ago a wailing chorus followed Mr. Baldwin's unfortunate remark that "the bomber will *always* get through."

Two years ago the British Navy (like all navies) was being "written off" (on paper) by the new menace of power—dive bombing and aerial torpedoes.

A year ago the War Office was supposed to be losing sleep over the nightmare of tank development and strategy in Germany and Italy.

But these were merely major instruments in the orchestra of doom.

In between, hair-raising twiddly-bits have been supplied by minor instruments like the "death-ray," the microbe deluge, rocket bombardment and the "deadlier" poison gases.

All these, you will notice, are "aggressive" factors. But nobody, so far as we can recall—and least of all the politicians—has endeavoured to say much about the pace kept by "defensive" weapons in this horrific progress.

Spreading the jitters

Even allowing for humanity's age-old passion for having its blood curdled, that seems a very strange thing.

Is it just plain political stupidity, or the famous "British phlegm," or is it just design?

Does it pay somebody, or some interests, to keep the masses in a state of jitters? For it is in the memory of most mature people that there have been cycles when the "defence" has been on top.

Why not, then, a dispassionate summing-up of the arms situation from the facts available? Unless, indeed, that the truth which emerges is *too* comforting.

Let us begin with the admission, plain now to every man, that there is a line-up between the dictator countries and the democracies; and that any "aggression" will come from the former.

Final proof on that matter is barely a week old—the subjugation of that Austria which hurled the Turk out of Europe, which was a nation long before there was such a thing as a Nazi Party or even such a thing as a German nation.

Nor let us forget the letter sent by Baron Von Neurath (meaning Hitler) in answer to our protest at the rape of Austria.

Speeding up war

That letter, quoted by Mr. Chamberlain in the House on March 14, must be unique in British diplomatic archives. It said: "This is our affair, not yours. Keep off."

Well, with it all—this overt action abroad, the endless threats, the fiery speeches, the broken promises and the chicanery so open that it becomes almost insulting—what does it boil down to in actual menace against us?

In any major war, the dictator's problem (or, need we say it again, the "aggressor's") is very simple and very, very desperate. He has to be *quick*.

Firstly, because he has not sufficient financial resources for a long war on a "major scale" (which means *us*). On that point there is really no argument. If South Wales coal exports to Italy or German State loans (as happened a year ago) cannot get backing in the City of London, there is hardly likely to be money for any "war-to-the-bitter-end" stuff.

Secondly, it has to be a quick war because the dictator's people will not have the staying power for a long one. All the physical jerks and youth movements in the world won't help them out, because they are ruled by a mixture of propaganda, hysteria and force.

Even a slightly prolonged conflict will reveal that to them, and then they will be done, disillusioned. A free people can beat them every time.

What are a dictator's chances for this necessary "quick" war? He can't march on London at the head of 100,000 men, much, no doubt, as he would dearly love to do.

Leaving out of it for a moment such matters as relative strengths, what other weapons or advantages in aggression has a dictator got? And what are they worth?

Answers are to be found in riven of Spain. And very comforting answers they are.

For, make no mistake about it, the Fascist countries used the Spanish conflict less to support their own political religion than to test out the fighting equipment and technique they had built up.

German Heinkel and Schmidt and Italian Fiat aeroplanes were never sold to Franco or flown by Spanish pilots.

Theatres still open

They were on loan only to Franco, and kept in hangars guarded against Spaniards. They were serviced and flown by their own nationals, and the purpose of this loan was to try these latest air weapons out against flesh and blood.

But what unhappy Spain has proved is the *failure* of the aggressive weapon, of which the air is the chief, and the huge advance made in defensive equipment and technique.

Madrid has been bombed as no city in history has ever been bombed. Once there were fifty-two raids in twenty-eight days.

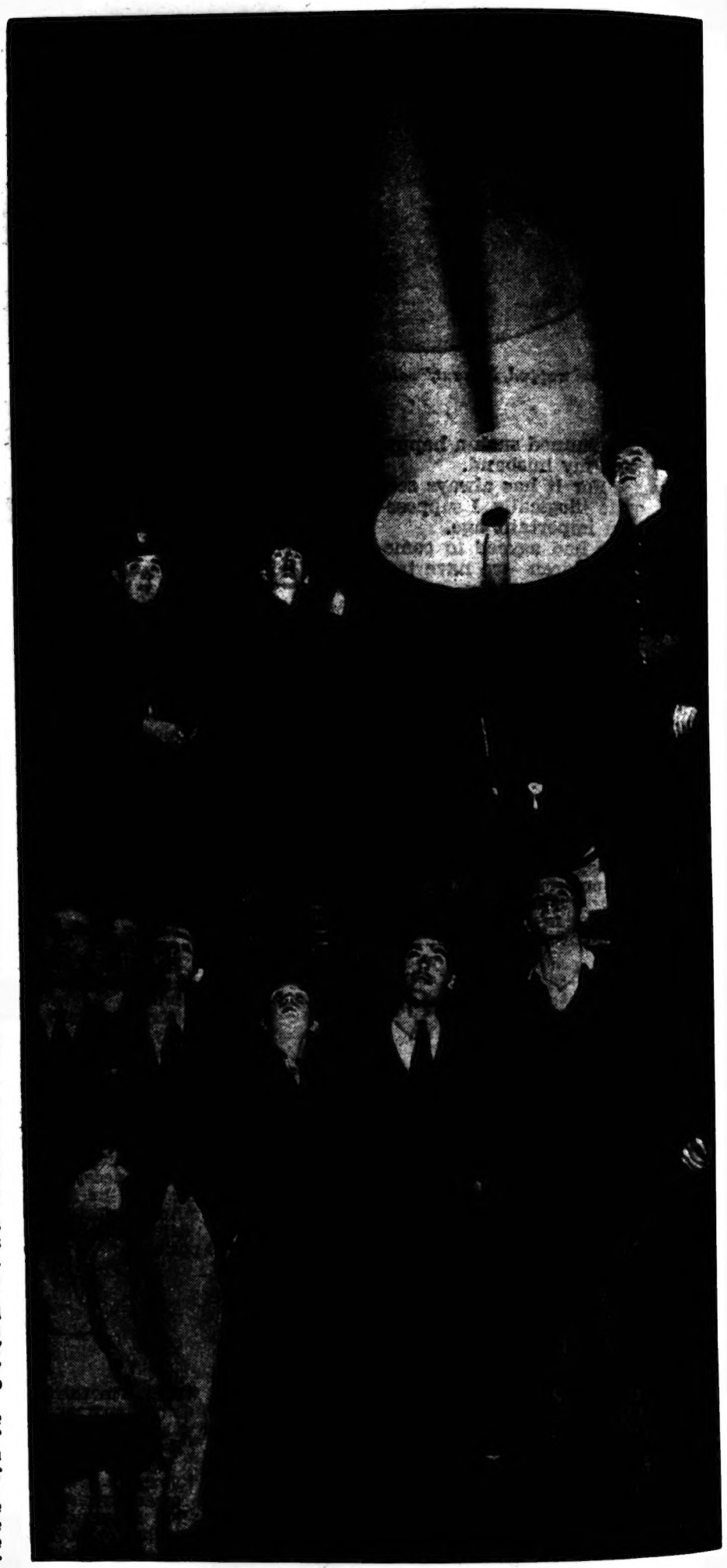
But the city still stands, as it has stood for two years—and the raids never closed a theatre, a café or a cinema. Remember, too, that Madrid was raided without reprisals!

A major disaster for the potential aggressor, however, was not so much the comparatively poor effects of bombing, but the extraordinarily good defences which have come into being against the bomber.

Most people who remember the last war will remember "Archie." "Archie" was the anti-aircraft gun and it was a joke. But its successor is no joke.

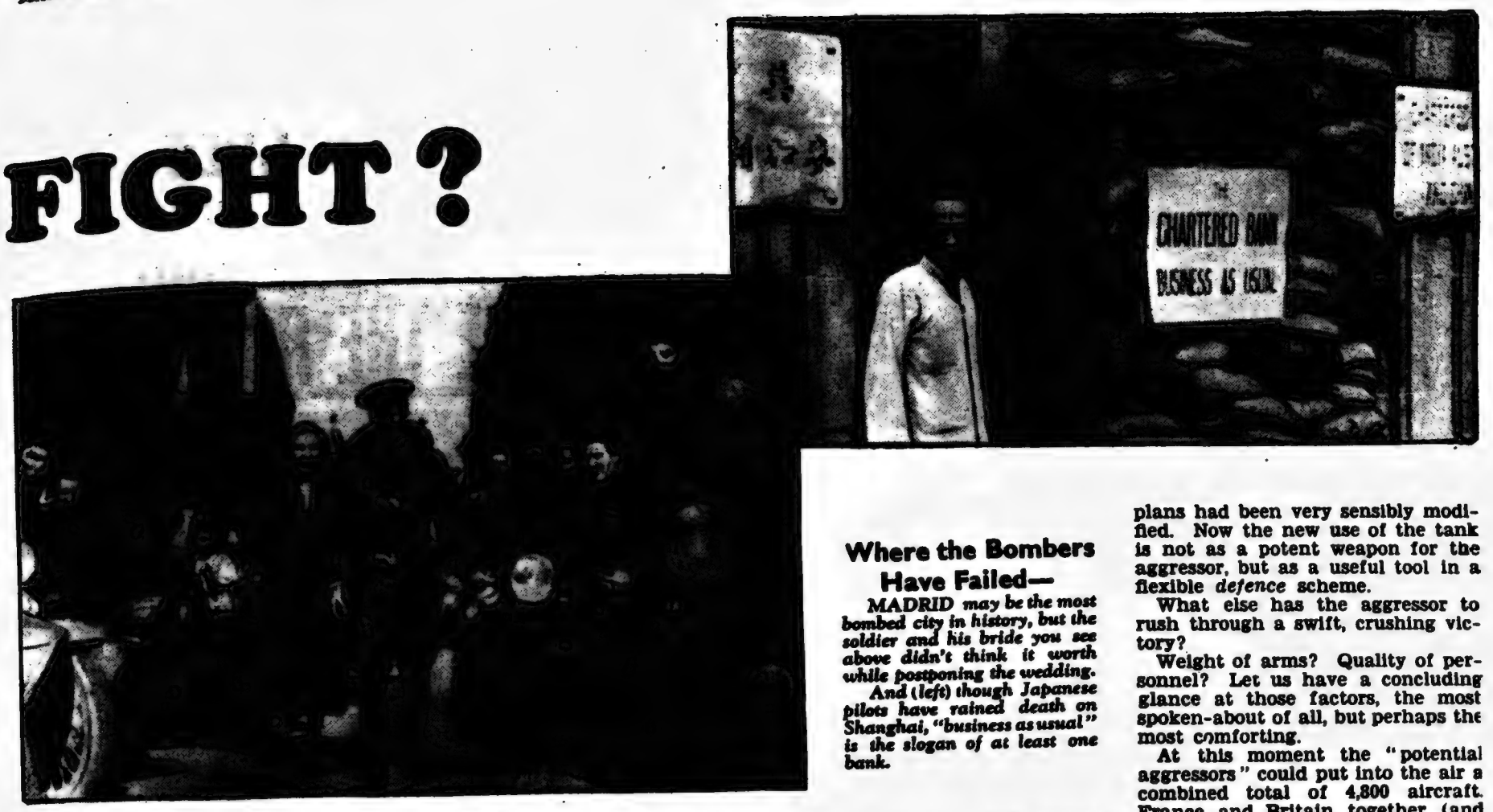
And there is some irony in the thought that we owe our knowledge of this new powerful defence weapon to one of the aggressor countries which has been using Spain as a testing-ground.

Early last year two batteries of strange-looking anti-aircraft guns were brought into action on the



Spotting a Raider—*Spectators turn out to watch Territorial manœuvres and think it great fun. But in war time, no sooner would the searchlight's beam pick out the bomber than anti-aircraft guns would be filling the sky with shrapnel.*

FIGHT?



Where the Bombers Have Failed—

MADRID may be the most bombed city in history, but the soldier and his bride you see above didn't think it worth while postponing the wedding. And (left) though Japanese pilots have rained death on Shanghai, "business as usual" is the slogan of at least one bank.

Franco front, near Toledo. They were officered and crewed by Germans, who would allow nobody else near the guns.

But astonished British observers saw one of those guns knock a 200 m.p.h. Russian bomber out of the sky at nearly 18,000 ft. This gun is a Swedish piece called the Bofors.

It is of 88 mm. calibre, so mobile that it can be rushed from point to point as fast as a fire-engine, and it is stated to be *vertically accurate to 30,000 ft.*

According to report, the net result of that "try-out" in Spain is that Britain outbid Germany for the output of that particular gun.

But, in addition to such guns as the Bofors, there has been an enormous improvement in fire direction.

Against a fast modern bomber, a battery has only about a minute from when the bomber comes within range until the time it must be "on." In that time a vast amount of data has to be worked out and transferred to the guns.

This is done by a robot brain device, called the predictor. To-day there exists a fully automatic predictor which can "see" a bomber and put the battery "on" to it in less than thirty seconds.

Until the bomber comes within range the predictor is continually working information transmitted to it perhaps from fifty miles away.

"Black searchlights"

Some of this information comes from observers on sound-locators, sensitive to a degree or two, or "black-searchlights," which are heat-detectors picking up infra-red rays from the engines of the bomber!

From the moment this information starts coming in, the gun-barrels start moving as the predictor transmits, by electrical impulse, the proper angle, quadrant elevation for the approaching target.

It does the fuse-setting also, since its job is to "predict" the point in space the bomber will occupy at the moment the shells reach it.

Even from such a sketchy description as given here it should be obvious that such ground equipment heavily reduces the chances of the aggressor.

First, it makes it much more difficult to bomb defended cities; and, second, it releases large numbers of home defence aircraft for counter-attack.

A single glance at Britain's recently disclosed air alignments show that such is undoubtedly our policy.

There are sixty-eight squadrons of bombers, which are known forthrightly as the Air Striking Force. There is much less than half this number of fighters, so, obviously, great reliance is being placed on the efficiency and equipment of ground defence.

Death-ray bunkum

What else have the dictators got? Poison gases? We have the highest authority for saying that there are no new ones—at least, none of military significance.

"Death rays"? The last word on that seems to have been uttered by Marconi when he said that, after years of work—using apparatus of almost unbelievable delicacy and complexity, and enough electric power to light a town—he had succeeded in killing a mouse at a distance of five feet. The death-ray, said Marconi, is "hooey."

What else is there? Flame bombardment with thermit?

In September, 1918, the Germans had millions of 2-lb. bombs of this stuff ready. But they never used them, because they knew the game was up.

And with German common-sense, or German cunning, they did not want to make the Armistice terms too harsh.

Thermit bombs, on igniting, set up a temperature of about 3,000 deg. Cent.—hot enough to melt many metals.

It sounds terrible in theory, but in practice, as against the brick and stone houses of Madrid and other cities with a fire service which knows how to handle the stuff, it has been quite ineffective.

A final war horror to be mentioned is the use of bacilli, or plague germs, in the hands of a ruthless aggressor.

This subject has been solemnly discussed in German staff publications like "Militar Wochenblatt."

We mention it only to dismiss it. For the best authorities are now convinced that germs are a two-edged weapon. A cholera germ, for instance, does not stop at frontiers, or a particular uniform.

And germs are delicate things; they do not stand a 10,000-ft. drop any better than a man. In any case, the danger, if it exists, is already provided against.

There are sufficient supplies of most anti-toxins, and an organisation capable of inoculating every man, woman and child in the country within twenty-four hours.

No! For the swift, smashing victory which an aggressor *must* have, he must depend on an overwhelming superiority in *known* forms of military equipment. And where is it?

Only a year or two ago the new light tanks, and particularly the Germans'—of which there were four divisions—were giving our War Office the horrors.

But Spain showed up General Tank as a wash-out—particularly in the battle of Guadalajara last Spring, which was the biggest tank and mechanised warfare battle in history.

In that battle, which was fought "according to the book," ragged militiamen with petrol - bottles fought tanks and turned them into bonfires.

They crippled others with grenades hurled beneath the tracks. Others were wiped out with 0.5 machine-gun and anti-tank rifle fire. Bombing aeroplanes disposed of the rest.

France says it was the disappointment of this battle which led Hitler to withdraw the German infantry from Spain.

It proved another thing: That the balance had swung to the defence on land, as in the air. For instance, it was shown that a 37-mm. anti-tank gun would pierce the armour of any tank in common use.

One gun of Belgian make, brought into action against Italian tanks covered with ¾-in. armour steel, could pierce them at 500 yds.

It is an open secret that Britain stopped building tanks altogether after the Guadalajara debacle.

Since we began our tank building, plans had been very sensibly modified. Now the new use of the tank is not as a potent weapon for the aggressor, but as a useful tool in a flexible *defence* scheme.

What else has the aggressor to rush through a swift, crushing victory?

Weight of arms? Quality of personnel? Let us have a concluding glance at those factors, the most spoken-about of all, but perhaps the most comforting.

At this moment the "potential aggressors" could put into the air a combined total of 4,800 aircraft. France and Britain together (and leaving out all the other democratic countries) could meet them with 4,030 *first line machines.*

Germany's workmen in aircraft factories may slave 24 hours a day, seven days a week, obedient to Goering's commands; but they cannot make up in three years for the "lag" created by the 15 years of the Versailles restrictions.

For war, the aggressors could mobilise 21,000,000 effectives; for war, France and Britain combined could mobilise 18,000,000. But, by general consent, the French army is the "strongest" and the most efficient in Europe.

Then the aggressors could only send out a combined naval tonnage of 576,514 against France and Britain's 1,808,170. As far as this last figure is concerned, it is being enormously increased by the British building schemes now in hand.

Russia's power

Figures we have quoted above are taken from League and French official sources. They are as accurate and as up to date as possible.

Can you see anywhere in them that overwhelming superiority which is absolutely essential for a dictator group embarked on a major war?

And we have left out of calculation many other factors. Russia, for instance, which, though it may have more "dead" generals and live soldiers than any other nation, is a terrific force.

Spain proved things about Russia, too. It is the "bear that shoots like a man." It is not going to be on the side of Fascist aggression.

Russia could be counted on to help. So, in the course of time, could America, and all the other democracies.

And we have left out huge factors like money, and the will of people to defend freedom.

Consider them all. Consider the facts of the dictators' problems in any big conflict, the facts we have given about their weapons and what they find arrayed against them, and ask yourself — WHO *DARES* TO FIGHT?

News Flashes from everywhere

Man smiles at Breakfast

● As sensational as this may seem, it's really quite the natural thing to expect of any man when he comes down to find on the table, in all its golden promise of enjoyment and health—his breakfast of Shredded Wheat. There's always a satisfying completeness about Shredded Wheat that appeals to most men. Quite definitely, it gives them the energy that sustains them throughout the day's work. In fact, wifey smiles at breakfast, too, because she's pleased at the time, trouble and expense Shredded Wheat saves her in a hundred ways. And so ladies!—start now to raise those breakfast-time smiles with Shredded Wheat every day.

SHREDDED WHEAT

The Food for General Fitness

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. (Pratt's.)

History is made at night

DETECTIVE CATCHES CAT BURGLAR THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ROBBERY

He had little enough to go on—but keenness and clear thinking soon put him on the wrongdoer's track. Bourn-vita every night was his secret. It will do the same for YOU.

'Smart work,' said the Inspector. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that made him so alert, observant — made success easy.

Concealed in the shadows they saw the thief at work. A quick sally and he was caught red-handed—a triumph for the detective who had followed up the case. For *he* knew the secret of success—that the amount of energy, your powers of observation, your ability to think and act quickly—all depend on sleep.

The Deep Sleep Secret.

Remember, not *long* sleep, but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters, the sort of sleep Bourn-vita gives you, soothing jaded nerves, building up resistance to ills and chills, and bringing new life for to-morrow.

The night is more important than the day. That's the time when Bourn-vita ensures that sleep shall be sound sleep—preparing you for success to-morrow.

WHAT PROTECTIVE FOODS DO FOR YOU

There's always infection around you. You must be able to resist it. Bourn-vita gives you the safeguard of its four protective foods—helps you to keep clear of coughs and colds.

Somethingimportant to do to-morrow? A responsible job to do? An interview? A rise to ask for? The Bourn-vita 'night-cap' will help to win that battle for you.

9D PER ½ LB

1/5 PER ½ LB

BOURN·VITA *to-night*

makes to-morrow just right

Without Fear or Favour

Black Diamonds

COAL is going up. So, in consequence, are your gas and electricity.

Most likely you are paying 2s. 9d. for a hundredweight of Derby Brights, twopence more than a year ago.

It doesn't sound much, unless you are very poor. But it means that you are being swindled, and what a difference it makes to industry!

M.P.s are so indignant that the Prime Minister has just appointed a committee of enquiry. What will it find?

First, that the average pithead price is 15s. 6d. a ton. Out of that the miner gets far less than five shillings. The colliery owner takes anything up to 7s7. 6d. for his profit.

However, don't blame the owner for profiteering. The local Coal Control Boards are making him put up the minimum price, with the result that some pits are being closed because steel works won't pay more for their supplies.

Next, transport adds about a pound to the cost. The rest of the difference between transport and 15s. 6d. a ton at the pithead and the retail price of 55s. at your door goes into the pockets of middlemen, of whom there are plenty at every stage of the coal's journey.

What we need is an amendment to the Coal Bill, ensuring that needless middlemen are eliminated and the profits restricted.

Otherwise Black Diamonds will soar to fancy prices and the nation be held to ransom by the profiteers.

Hitting the Blind

There are over 60,000 blind men and women in this country. They deserve our pity and help.

The other day two hundred blind persons of Lancashire marched to the county council offices to protest against an inconsiderate system that is being adopted there and elsewhere.

Unless it is fought now, indeed, it may bring hardship and discontent to blind workers everywhere.

It is a new grading scheme designed for blind workshops, and it introduces, not a minimum wage, but a particularly objectionable form of piecework.

It will mean that blind men, in one skilled grade, will have to earn an extra six shillings a week to qualify for the highest grade. Blind women must earn an extra four shillings.

If they fail by only a few coppers, they receive nothing for their additional energy.

Though they could easily earn a few shillings more, they will have to restrict their output to the level fixed for their grade!

There are other unfair conditions which have come as a bombshell to all sightless workers.

It is enough to say that the demands for a minimum wage of 50s. a week for men and 35s. for women will be endorsed by everyone who knows the astonishing skill of those who labour under one of life's gravest disabilities.

The blind must get a fair deal!

Going Gay

Our holiday resorts are determined to banish dull care. It will not be their fault if the coming summer is not the gayest we have enjoyed.

Brighton's sea-front is to be paved with gold —in colour, at least—and barren beaches are to blossom into sunken gardens. Folkestone is spending nearly a quarter million of pounds on improvements.

And so on. Thousands of workmen are busily making our coasts more attractive for the millions who seek to forget the trials of work, international politics, and running a home, for a week or two by the invigorating sea.

Merely to read of such developments is a refresher. But we should like to read also that the holidays-with-pay movement could be made compulsory, so enabling great armies of workers and their families to enjoy the first real change of scene in their drab lives.

The Government has hinted at such action. Yet a Labour Bill to effect it has been thrown out.

Is there any reason why the coming summer should not inaugurate a new era of enjoyment—and employment?

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. A. P. HERBERT, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR "A. P. H.,"—Heartrending letters are pouring in to me from people who saw in your new Divorce Act their chance of happiness, but who are now disappointed and embittered.

They are married to insane partners, their marriage is but a tragic mockery.

It is manifestly unjust that they must remain in matrimonial chains for ever.

Yet they seem condemned to lifelong uncertainty and anxiety, for doctors are reluctant to certify husbands and wives as "incurable" even after twenty or more years' confinement in an asylum.

This is not the fault of your excellent Statute, which provides that divorce may be granted if the respondent "is incurably of unsound mind, and has been continuously under care and treatment for a period of at least five years immediately preceding the presentation of the petition."

It is not the fault of the doctors, who know that apparently hopeless lunatics sometimes recover.

But it is a horribly pathetic problem that must be solved.

It may be that the medical profession will be able to decide on a workable formula; in any case, the ultimate responsibility rests with the courts.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to wait too long for the position to be cleared up. The great number of appeals I am receiving need a speedy answer.

I suggest an amendment, for your consideration, to the law. I should like it to stipulate that, in cases where doctors cannot positively state that a person is incurably insane, ten years' asylum detention or hospital treatment should automatically provide grounds for divorce.

By sponsoring this simple reform, you would add to your great humanitarian services and bring hope to thousands of despairing men and women.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRED A. SMITH,
Secretary, Amalgamated Engineering Union

DEAR MR. SMITH,—No one could be surprised if you were in a fog of bewilderment.

We are all wondering what is meant by the "inconveniences and sacrifices" which the Government threatens in order to hurry along the arms programme.

You, as a leader of the key workers, have rightly stated that the unions must be consulted and reasonable safeguards obtained before industry is pledged to undertake the unknown sacrifices.

Perhaps at the very moment I am writing this you are being invited to such a consultation. But it is nothing short of amazing that, since rearmament was started three years ago, the unions have never once been admitted into the Cabinet's confidence.

Amazing—and disgraceful.

British workers will not be called on in vain when the need arises. But they will not consent to be treated rough-shod by our hush-hush champions.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DAVID BENTLEY,
Earlestown, Lancashire

DEAR MR. BENTLEY,—Yours is by far the most touching story in the week's news, and I wish it could have had a happier ending.

Fifty years old, unemployed for the last four, you have walked 1,400 miles in five months for love of your son.

The boy has just died in Warrington General Hospital. Every day you trudged the ten miles to and from his bedside, for you could afford the ninepenny 'bus fare only for your wife.

"I would do it again and again," you declare, and I can well believe it. Since you are too poor even to afford a daily newspaper, I am glad that the coroner, Sir Samuel Brighouse, has given you £5 towards the funeral expenses.

There are innumerable glowing examples of motherlove. You have provided a memorable instance of a father's devotion.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.
House of Commons

DEAR GEORGE,—You say that Hitler cheated you when, at your Berlin interview, he assured you he had no intention of invading Austria.

He has cheated Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, too.

But surely you and they ought to have known that he would?

There is no excuse for them, considering all the official information they had. You, with no Foreign Office dossiers to consult, had to take the dictators at their face value.

Now I hope you'll use your influence to persuade our rulers that it is no use trusting either Hitler or Mussolini again.

They will promise anything to get their own way—and break their promises as soon as it suits them to do so. That has been demonstrated a dozen times in the last two years.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. G. C. L. LUNT,
Bishop of Ripon

DEAR BISHOP,—Though after-dinner speeches are often hilarious, that which you made at a farmers' gathering was not intended, I fancy, to provoke guffaws.

But you've only yourself to blame if it arouses merriment among the public.

For you declared that the British fox-hunter is one of the "things" which, "under the Providence of God, make us free and independent men."

I am not sure that hunting gentry care to be classed as mere "things." I am certain that, whether one agrees with hunting or not, it has nothing to do with the freedom of the non-hunting millions.

Nor is there any proof, as you seem to infer, that the sport has the approval of Providence.

Whatever may be your sporting proclivities, a sense of logic is evidently not your strong suit.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOSEPH KENNEDY,
United States Ambassador

DEAR SIR,—Everyone hopes you will enjoy your stay in Britain. And everyone, I imagine, has enjoyed the newspaper pictures which you have provided for us during the past week.

Those broadly smiling faces of your happy family—or, rather, of the five of your nine children who have joined you at the Embassy—have been the cheeriest feature in the papers for many days, and a welcome antidote to the gloom cast upon us all by international events.

You have had enough compliments, I daresay, on your appointment to the Court of St. James, but you deserve congratulations also on possessing so breezy and friendly a family.—JOHN BULL.

They have done it!

OUR poor old Laboratory has had a pretty tough time for the past year. On the one hand prices of materials have been going up, and on the other we have been demanding better value for money in the 1938 models. A pretty problem, eh? Well, here are the first three answers. Short waves on both Mains sets, you notice, one of them at £9 10s. A few months ago I was rebuked for warning you not to rush into buying a Short-Wave Set. Well, lots of you bought them and you know whether you're glad or sorry. I am telling you now that you can buy either of the Mains sets and have real All-Wave Reception. There are lots of improvements in these models, better quality, more volume, new scales; and I'd like all of you, whether you have a set or not, to be interested enough to go to your Murphy dealer and have a look at them. Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not trying to tell you that these models make any previous Murphy Set "obsolete." I am saying that we're a year on in engineering knowledge and we can and do offer better value than we've ever done before. I need not say that good reproduction and reliability are still our main aims. Not that Murphy Sets *never* break down. They do—as some of you would no doubt be pleased to tell me! But I will borrow a phrase from the Life Assurance world and say that

EVERY MURPHY SET HAS A HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE.

We expect every Murphy Set to last a long time, to give little trouble, and to maintain a good value in years to come. If you talk to Murphy owners or start looking for second-hand Murphy Sets you'll be able to prove how far we reach our aim. Now, will you go and have a look at these sets?

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS

B.45 BATTERY MODEL WITH CONSTANT REACTION. Price without batteries £7

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MURPHY
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All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire.
Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts. C. R. Casson 837

DE RESZKE MINORS are low in price because they are slightly smaller than standard size. For all that, they last the full ten minutes—and are made from exactly the same tobacco, and with exactly the same care, as more expensive cigarettes.

In boxes **15** for **6**D 30 for 1/-
In tins 30 for 1/- 60 for 2/-

PLAIN : CORK OR RED-TIPPED

De Reszke MINORS

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1. *Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.*

Taxation's Dual Toll

£940,000,000—that is the least estimate of the sum Sir John Simon will have to find if his Budget is to balance.
£191,800,000—that is the amazing burden of rates which the taxpayer shoulders to-day. It must be reduced if we are to meet the tremendous cost of the Defence programme without too much hardship—says

A. G. GARDINER

BUDGET DAY casts its shadow before—when the financial year ends next week.

It is a particularly grim shadow which takes the ominous shape of the Dictators.

They have launched Europe on a race in armaments such as the world has never seen and the end of which no man can foresee.

We are sucked into the race in defence of the last ditch of liberty, and we cannot help ourselves.

I cannot pretend to foreshadow the new burdens which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to put on our backs, but it is possible now to show the problem with which he is faced.

The estimated revenue for the year closing next week was £863,000,000.

So far as we can see, that estimate will be more than realised.

But for the fact that Europe has become a madhouse, we might look forward to the future with confidence.

Income tax, estate duties, customs and excise all look like bringing in substantially more than was budgeted for, and with expenditure down on the estimates there should be a surplus of something like £12,000,000. So far, good.

Only when we turn to the requirements of the new Budget is it that the price to us of the Dictators is realised.

We shall need during the coming year to raise something like £940,000,000—that is, roughly, £80,000,000 more than last year.

The increase is, of course, due to the defence measures, the cost of which has leapt up to £263,250,000.

★ ★ ★

How is this prospective deficit of £80,000,000 to be met?

It is calculated that on the existing basis of taxation the revenue—owing largely to the fact that the income tax collected in arrear will be on the most prosperous year we have yet had—will show an increase of somewhere about £55,000,000.

It would seem to follow, therefore, that Sir John Simon's job is to find ways and means of extracting £20,000,000 or £30,000,000 more from our pockets to balance his Budget.

How he will do it is not my intention to discuss as yet.

He will do it, and whatever his method we shall have to grin and bear it.

Our existence as a nation is at stake, and whatever the burden we must shoulder it, with thankfulness that we are still able to carry it. May that capacity never be lacking!

★ ★ ★

But a matter arises in this connection that calls urgently for discussion. The Budget taxation is not the only burden that falls on us.

There is another, less in magnitude, but not less severe in its incidence, especially in the case of the tradesman and the lower middle and working classes.

That is the Rates. No one who has any experience of petty sessions needs to be told of the minor tragedies of life among the struggling classes, to whom a pound more or less is a serious matter, that are revealed in the ceaseless process of distraint orders.

Admittedly a large proportion of the expenditure of the local authorities is met by Government grants—that is, out of taxation provided by the Budget.

Last year, for example, those grants amounted to over £121,000,000 for England and Wales. But the local rates themselves have swollen in recent years beyond all reason.

Here are a few facts. In the year 1913-14 the total amount received by local authorities from the rates was £74,276,000. Last year the total amounted to £191,800,000.

Put in another way, the rates per head of the population in 1913-14 represented £1 18s. 11d. Last year they represented £4 4s. 5d. per head.

In a family of four, therefore, the average burden has been increased from less than £8 to nearly £17.

That is not so serious a matter to the well-to-do, but it is a serious matter for those who live on narrow margins and find the exaction of the rate-collector increasingly difficult to meet.

And the menace of the rates is always growing. The rates for the County of London, for example, have just bounded up another 6d. in the £ from 7s. 3½d. to 7s. 9½d. Those of the County of Lancashire, too, have risen another 3d. in the £.

One thing alone is constant. *Rates rarely fall.* And not only do the rates rise, but whenever there is a revision of the assessment of rateable property it is upward, not downward.

I have no space here to go into the anomalies of rating, such as that which discriminates in favour of those who live in post-war houses, rated on an area basis, as against those who live in pre-war houses rated on actual rent basis. Uniformity of rating should obviously be established.

But to return to the main point, the growing burden of the rates.

I am far from suggesting that some increase has not been inevitable and necessary.

Standards of local administration have risen. New functions have been thrown on the local authorities.

Public services are more efficient. Children are better looked after. Police and other public servants are better paid, and so on.

All this is to the good, and no one would wish any starving of the social services.

But there should be economy in the public services, and the spirit of economy is flagrantly lacking.

With the enormous increase in Government grants to the local authorities there has spread a spendthrift habit of mind that must be checked.

"London money" is easy money. The idea that behind the local rates is the bottomless purse of the taxpayer creates a bias against true economy.

★ ★ ★

And so, side by side with the swelling volume of "London money," we see not a fall in the rates but an equivalent growth.

Nor, in this connection, should we fail to scrutinise the constant appeals of the local authorities for loans from the public which increase their indebtedness and in turn increase the rates. I repeat I am not arguing in favour of parsimony in our local administration.

But between parsimony and wastefulness there is a wide gulf fixed, and I am urging a return to a much severer economy in the spending of public money than that which is now almost universal in local government.

And the need to cry "Halt" in this matter is especially insistent now. We stand on the brink of incalculable things.

The coming Budget is not the culmination of the demands of the Government for defence. It may only foreshadow still heavier exactions.

And deeply though we must lament both the burden and the cause of the burden, the existence of the nation must take precedence of everything else. This means that we must economise elsewhere.

Our national resources are great, but they are going to be strained to their utmost. There is only one reservoir to draw from, whether we take the draught in taxes or rates.

That being so, the case for a more rigid economy in local administration is imperative.

Sir John Simon — his job is to raise £940,000,000

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Looks or Cooks!

THROW aside your aprons,
Wives who're also cooks;
Place your pans and ladles
On their shelves and hooks.
Grasp, instead, your lipsticks,
Look you to your looks!

Hubby will not worry
Over fare decreased,
Missing meals won't matter
In the very least,
When on new-made beauty
He his eyes can feast!

If you don't believe me (and I'd have the poorest opinion of you if you did) you may perhaps—I say *perhaps*—believe Mr. Abner J. Seris.

Abner J., an authority on make-up, has come all the way from Brooklyn, U.S., to tell this lil' old burgh: "Lipstick, rouge-pot and powder-box are more help to a girl who intends her marriage to be happy than all the cookery classes in creation."

Brother Seris apparently guesses and calculates that the shortest route to a man's heart is not *via* his digestive apparatus, but by way of his pride. "A man's greatest pride," he announces, "is his wife. He likes her to look good, to be attractive. He enjoys the reflected glory." This is a typical American view, since Babbit knows that his financial standing is judged by the make of his car and the make-up of his wife. And, of the two, a richly upholstered spouse, even if not particularly streamlined, is the more likely to convince Main Street the local boy has made good.

Doubtless, there is something to be said for this system of using one's ever-loving wife as an advertising hoarding. But it must rather get Babbit's goat when, after bringing off a big deal, he has to be content with redecorating a second-hand missus, instead of buying a new one, bigger and faster than any belonging to his neighbours.

The system, indeed, would seem to be better suited to polygamous countries, where every rise at the office could be advertised by an addition to one's harem.

Here, where the rule is "One man, one missus," the average husband is less anxious that his wife should be well painted than that his chop should be well cooked.

This last, however, is something which Abner J. looks upon as of small importance, roundly announcing: "Even the dumbest girl can cook."

All I can say is that she'd better not try when I'm about!

You've only to be you, sweet,
To twist me round your thumb.
I love your lips, your eyes, your hair,
I've never known a girl more fair—
Or more completely dumb!

You could, perhaps, just manage
To cook a cup of tea!
But if you tried a meal, my dear,
The net result would be, I fear,
To cook your goose with me!

Y. Z.

Lifetime Library

SO great is the demand for John Bull's Twelve-Volume Lifetime Library that this Presentation must now be withdrawn.

Readers who have not yet applied for these twelve big 704-page books of enthralling fiction and real-life dramas are this week given a final opportunity to do so.

The Reservation Forms in the Special Announcement on page 16 are the last to appear and must be posted at once.

The Library includes 300 masterly stories and 24 long complete novels, with more than 200 pages of illustrations.

Among the authors are Edgar Wallace, Dorothy Sayers, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Joseph Conrad, Agatha Christie and A. A. Milne.

The twelve books can be yours in six sets of two volumes each for the amazing privilege price of 3s. 9d. per set, which includes carriage, packing and insurance.

The first set will be sent to you at once, and the remaining five sets at monthly intervals.

Turn to page 16 and fill in and post your Final Reservation Forms at once. This is your last chance.

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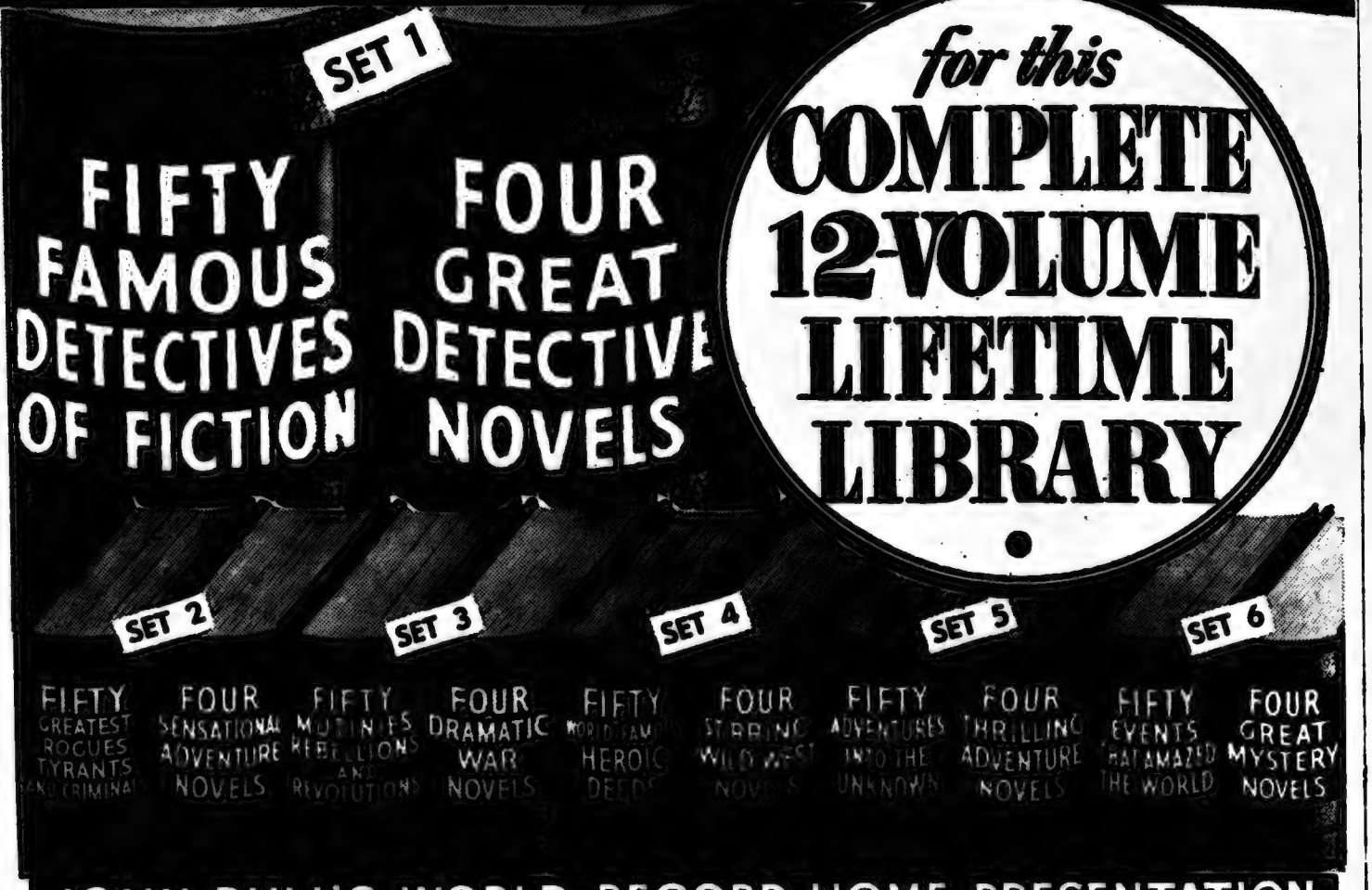

JOHN BULL'S WORLD-RECORD HOME PRESENTATION

THIS week "John Bull" announces the Final Opportunity for readers to accept its World-record Home Presentation of a complete Library of enthralling FICTION AND REAL-LIFE DRAMAS!—TWELVE big, magnificent 704-page Books!—handsomely and richly bound—covers gleaming with gold—an endless source of entertainment for all the family and a valuable and beautiful addition to any home. The Forms below are the last to be published and must be received by not later than Thursday next, March 31. Act quickly! This unique Library—the world's greatest book bargain—contains no fewer than THREE HUNDRED stories, TWENTY-FOUR long complete NOVELS, nearly 8,450 pages, some 3,500,000 words and over 200 pages of illustrations. These beautiful books are now on the press and will be distributed to readers in Six Sets of Two Volumes each. Set 1 is ready now! The remaining five Sets will be sent, Set by Set, as they come off the press, at intervals of one month between each. The complete Library can be yours for the astonishing Privilege Price of only 3s. 9d. each Set, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. Post Final Forms below To-day. They reserve your Twelve Volumes for you. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Hurry!

To possess this Library is to have in your home an incomparable collection of stories of lifelong interest—a library, too, that will enrich your home with its dignity and beauty.

Look at the names of just a few of the world-famous authors whose work appears in this unique library. Edgar Wallace, Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, G. K. Chesterton, Baroness Orczy, E. de Vere Stacpoole, Edgar Allan Poe, R. Phillips Oppenheim, Joseph Conrad, A. A. Milne, Edgar Allan Poe, G. D. H. and M. Cole, Sax Rohmer, Conan Doyle, etc., etc., etc.

Here is a very brief description of these twelve enthralling books—fuller details of the wonderful stories they contain are given on the left.

SET 1. (which comes to you immediately). "FIFTY FAMOUS DETECTIVES OF FICTION"—fantastic mysteries, amazing crime riddles, sensational arrests. "FOUR GREAT DETECTIVE NOVELS"—crime and detection novels by world-famous authors.

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Each volume has stiff covers expertly bound in Rich Dark Blue Morocco-grained Cloth embossed on the spine in gold.

Each book measures 8¼ in. deep by 5½ in. wide.

All you are asked to send for EACH SET of two volumes is 3s. 9d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., on each Set. THAT IS ALL. There are no tokens to collect.

DO THIS NOW!

Complete and post AT ONCE the Final Reservation Form and Label below. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Be sure to affix a halfpenny stamp to the label.

Upon receipt of your Reservation Form, and Label bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will be sent a Privilege Voucher and Invoice—you then send in your remittance for Set 1, which will immediately be dispatched, carriage paid to your home.

Approximately ONE MONTH after you have received Set 1, we shall dispatch to you Set 2, and at the same time an Invoice for Set 2 will be sent. This Invoice you must return, together with remittance, WITHIN SEVEN DAYS AFTER receipt of Set 2.

The third, fourth, fifth and sixth Sets of two Volumes will each, in their turn, be dispatched at regular monthly intervals, and in each case you send your remittance for each Set within seven days AFTER your receipt of the Volumes.

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Remember, this is your last chance! Don't be too late! Post Forms below AT ONCE.

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"FIFTY FAMOUS DETECTIVES OF FICTION."—Sherlock Holmes—Dr. Thorndyke—Hercule Poirot—Lord Peter Wimsey—Father Brown—J. G. Reeder—Inspector French—Max Carrados—Mr. Pottsnie—Mr. Pepper—Philip Trent—Dr. Priestly—Inspector Poole—Miss Marple—Superintendent Wilcox—Arsene Lupin—Sexton Dane—Ellery Queen, etc., etc. "FOUR GREAT DETECTIVE NOVELS."—"The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie—"The Red House Mystery," by A. A. Milne—"The Ring," by Philip MacDonald—"The Man from the River," by S. D. H. and M. Cole.

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SET THREE

"FIFTY MUTINIES, REBELLIONS AND REVOLUTIONS."—The Hero in the Scarlet Cloak—The Devil's Wind—Slaves that foiled Napoleon—Red Terror at Kronstadt—Steel Walls Against the Desert Hordes—Pancho Villa, Soldier Bandit of Mexico—Exile of the Chattel Slave—Rebel March of General Borodin—Lawrence, Uncrowned King of the Arabs—The Rise of General Franco—When Hitler Bowed to Bolshie, etc., etc. "FOUR DRAMATIC WAR NOVELS."—"Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse—"Beau-Geste," by W. P. Morris—"Patrol," by Philip MacDonald—"Roux the Bandit," by Andre Chamson.

SET FOUR

"FIFTY WORLD-FAMOUS HEROIC DEEDS."—The Village that Locked Itself in with Death—Gallant Men of Leyden—400 miles Afoot for the King's Horse—One Man's Battle with Madness for Millions—A Woman Enters the Forbidden City—Rebel-woman Who Assassinated the Tyrant of the Terror—The Ride that Saved an Army—White Maid Against the Bolshie Hordes, etc., etc. "FOUR STIRRING WILD WEST NOVELS."—"Reader's Pardner," by W. C. MacDonald—"Bound at the Open Road," by F. C. Robertson—"Singing Arrow," by W. C. Tuttle—"Wilson Canyon," by W. P. White.

SET FIVE

"FIFTY ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN."—Stalked by Death in the Cannibal Backlands—White Wings of the Yukon Trail—To What Green Hell?—The Quest of the Black Man's Magic—Mystery Voyage of the Terrible River—Dragon-ship that Found a Continent—Road-maker of the Frozen North—First Gatherer of the Himalayan Red Lands—Harassed in a land of Dread, etc., etc. "FOUR THRILLING ADVENTURE NOVELS."—"The Master of Rampole," by Eden Phillpotts—"The Crystal Skull," by Jack Mackness—"Shadows by the Sea," by Johnston Forbes—"Haunts of Three," by Jack London.

SET SIX

"FIFTY EVENTS THAT AMAZED THE WORLD."—The Mad Dog Plot—The Road to Life—The Last Spike—Death of a Nation—Man Conquers Pain—Ship That Was Too Heavy Late—The March to Kandahar—They Buried Him Among Kings—The Lone Eagle—No Castles in Spain—The Night of June 30—The Amazing Case of Jim the Penman—etc., etc. "FOUR GREAT MYSTERY NOVELS."—"The Terror," by Edgar Wallace—"The W. Plan," by Graham Seton—"The Secret of Tunglen," by Leonard Gribble—"The Cask," by Freeman Wills Crofts.

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Bogus Major's Impudent Marriage Frauds

"I have often warned small traders to read documents before they sign them. Below I do so once again"

Sir Wyndham Childs

HE poses as a major in the Brigade of Guards, although he does not specify which regiment.

In appearance you might easily mistake him for a regular serving officer of the traditional type.

But in actual fact this self-styled "Major Fuller" is an extremely clever rascal.

He is the latter-day "Raffles," and he is not yet forty. Tall, slim, and quite good-looking, he has an air of breeding, speaks with a refined accent, and does not fail to let his hearers know immediately that he is an officer on leave.

Names come easily to "Fuller." Whenever he wants to bring off a new job, he assumes a new name. He mostly masquerades under the name and rank of real majors in the Brigade and other regiments.

In this particular case he borrowed the name of a well-known military officer.

A few days ago the "major" arrived at a well-known provincial jeweller's establishment, and produced a card giving his name and rank and a fashionable address.

He made it known he intended to make an important purchase and naturally it would be understood that he wished to deal directly with the manager.

When the manager appeared he explained that some two years previously, when he was on a military mission abroad, a brother officer had purchased a handsome jewelled ring at this same shop on his behalf.

It was set with diamonds and he had given it to his fiancée as an engagement-ring. She had been delighted with it in every way.

He now desired to make the same lady a further present. But he was just a plain serving soldier and did not know much about the values of precious stones and jewellery. He wanted to rely entirely on the judgment and experience of the manager.

Naturally, the manager was flattered by such a tribute, and in a few moments he and the artful "major" were surveying a tray of jewels of various kinds. The visitor appeared to be most intrigued by diamond bangles set in platinum.

He handled the gems deliberately and thoughtfully. It was quite obvious he was in no great hurry to make his final selection.

After all, this was to be his wedding gift to his bride. One could appreciate his hesitation when confronted with so many beautiful jewels.

As he lingered in front of the counter he made interesting conversation concerning the existing world crisis and referred to the position of uncertainty in which he and his brother officers stood at the moment. Would there be a war? Of course, everything was ready. But no sane man wanted to fight if it could be avoided.

He hinted that perhaps he knew things which he could not divulge.

In the end, he decided on a platinum bracelet and a diamond wristlet watch.

After apologising for the trouble he had occasioned, he said, "Would you be good enough to put these two articles on one side for me for a few hours?"

He gave his telephone number and added:

"I will ring you later." Then, thoughtfully, "or perhaps you might ring me?"

No telephone call was made either by the "major" or the firm, because soon after his departure the manager discovered to his great alarm that during the long-drawn-out inspection and conversation, this strange customer had managed to steal jewellery worth a considerable sum of money.

When enquiries were made at the address on his card it was found at once that the man was an impostor.

The police are able to report that this same "Fuller" has brought off similar "wedding" feats in London on previous occasions.

He has also operated in several provincial centres lately.

Once he said he was about to be married, but he had a devoted mother. Already she did not see much of him on account of his soldier's life. Now she would see him even less.

For that reason he wanted to buy her a nice present. He succeeded as usual.

On another occasion he gave a dinner party at a fashionable hotel. He had often visited the place before and had always paid cash. For the dinner party he gave the confiding management a cheque—and it came back.

The real name of this pseudo-officer is believed to be Edmonds. He has masqueraded under many aliases.

Moreover, he has been convicted for fraud, false pretences and larceny on several occasions.

I hope he will soon return to a place where he can do no further harm for a considerable time to come.

Bottle with a Big Price

I AM receiving complaints concerning Germalhyde Laboratories, "Specialists in Germicides and Insecticides," of Randall Well Street, Bradford.

On the headed notepaper H. Hopkinson is given as the proprietor.

It used to market a commodity called "Oxgen"—an odourless germicide—for 5s. 10d. a bottle. Lately it has put on the market a new insecticide called Germalhyde, at 3s. 6d. a bottle.

* * *

An expert analyst who made an examination of both of these insecticides at the Norfolk and Suffolk County Laboratories, Norwich, reported that:

1. A twenty-ounce bottle of Oxgen contained four ounces of Formalin. The value of the latter was not more than 1½d., in spite of the fact that the bottle was being retailed at 5s. 10d.

2. A twelve-ounce bottle of Germalhyde priced at 3s. 6d. was found to contain two ounces of Formalin, which is worth rather less than one penny.

By reason of persuasive inducements, travellers sell quantities of these very overpriced insecticides, together with metal sprayers, on the understanding that the buyer is made sole agent for the district in question.

Stories are told of how there is a big demand for this wonderful Germalhyde, which is even, they claim, effective against rabbits. Consignments duly arrive, but there is no large public demand.

The firm has been known to threaten to proceed to take legal action to recover the full cost of the goods, for, as they rightly point out, on the original invoice there are the words in small print, "Goods sent carriage forward and once received are not returnable."

In this the firm is within its rights; but when it adds in its letters "We are within our legal rights in charging 5 per cent. on overdue accounts," it is not correct.

I am glad to notice, however, that the judge at Bradford County Court recently took a firm line in dealing with an action which arose out of the agents of Germalhyde Laboratories.

Apparently a traveller arrived in the small town of Downham Market, Norfolk, and called on Mr. Smith, a local saddler. Mr. Smith was informed he was to be local agent for Germalhyde within a three-mile radius.

He received a consignment of goods.

Later he learned that a wheelwright, Mr. Southwell, who lived only two and a half miles from Downham Market, had also been given exclusive rights for an area—this time for a radius of ten miles.

When Mr. Smith was eventually sued for £5 for the cost of goods supplied he defended the action. Germalhyde Laboratories put in the defence that there had never been any mention of a radius for sole rights over such an area in its agent's dealings with Mr. Smith.

Mr. Southwell, however, came forward to give evidence that this was not true, and the judge found against the firm on the grounds of misrepresentation. He said, "The stuff is probably not worth 3d., anyway."

* * *

I hope that country small traders will in future take greater care in ordering goods from this firm on the basis of being appointed sole agents.

If they decide to become so, I urge them to read carefully any document or form of contract before signing the same.

Building Society Mystery

In a recent issue, under the above heading, I reported the experience of a reader who answered an advertisement to acquire a position with the National Permanent Building Society of Canada.

My criticism, as I said, was not directed against the *bona fides* of the promoters of the society—whose operations in Canada, I understand, are to be carried on upon the lines of building societies in England—but was concerned with the method which was being employed to obtain capital—*i.e.*, in return for employment an investment was required.

I am pleased to hear that as a result new financial arrangements are now being introduced.

Cripple's Pathetic Plea

JAMES THOMAS WALKER was eighteen when he joined the Lincolnshire Regiment in 1915. He became a corporal, served in the forces three years and 160 days, was twice gassed, and finally blown up on the Fontaine-Croiselles front towards the end of the war.

That he was a very gallant soldier is shown in a letter he received from the Commanding Officer of the 46th Division, which referred to his conspicuous bravery in the field and which said that a report to this effect had been sent to the proper quarter.

Corporal Walker to-day sits in a back room of the inn—the Barge Inn, Tattershall Road, Boston—of which he is licensee, an invalid crippled with pulmonary tuberculosis. His wife, through working eighteen hours a day for years to keep the home together, is now in failing health and has had to take to her bed, leaving their young son, still in his 'teens, to carry on.

And the former soldier has no pension.

His reward for service seems to be just to wait the inevitable end brought on by an illness which the authorities contend has nothing to do with his war service in the trenches.

Ever since he was last wounded Walker has had attacks of giddiness, and occasionally has lost his memory.

His illnesses affected his mind, and for months on end he would not address a word to anyone. Once the local British Legion sent him to a home at Lowestoft for treatment.

The tragedy about Corporal Walker is that many thought he was in receipt of a pension for war disability. Also, the fact he is licensee of a small inn has handicapped the British Legion in their appeals for assistance.

It is not known to the great majority of people in Boston that Walker is not allowed in the licensed part of the premises at Barge Inn, and that he has been in bed since last May. His wife states she has spent every penny of their mutual savings on medical fees.

When, quite recently, Walker made application for a pension, it was refused by the Ministry. Walker's own doctor stated that his disability—pulmonary tuberculosis—was due to war service, but, even so, the Ministry refused to accept any liability.

All this in spite of the fact that tuberculosis developed as a result of mustard gas poisoning, that Walker has spent over six months in Holland sanatorium, and that his doctor has said he will never be able to work again.

* * *

There seems to be a considerable doubt that the decision of the Medical Board in this case has been well founded. Therefore, I do ask that, if it is within the power of the Minister of Pensions, Walker should again be examined by a board and the opinion of his own doctor sought and considered.

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Sir Hugh Turnbull, City of London Police Commissioner

Your Watchdog Barks

Despicable trick that of sending theatre tickets to newly-married couple anonymously as from a well-wisher. When delighted couple return home they find their wedding presents stolen.

* * *

If a canvasser bearing a card with the words "The Agent of the Medical Aid Association, Ltd., has called," give him no money, for he is just another of those pests who prey on poor people. If you write to him, Dead Letter Office will duly return your correspondence.

* * *

Young men, masquerading as bank clerks, are stopping employees sent to banks for money, saying that the amount is not in order. The inexperienced believe them and give back bag and "clerk" makes quick getaway.

Amazing Farm Produce Fiasco

THERE are always philanthropists in our midst whose aim in life appears to be to make money quickly for others. And to make it, in addition, without risk.

Now listen to this one. "The Golden Egg—Fact, not Fake."

It is the title of an attractive brochure recently distributed through the post by a concern calling itself the Sussex Egg Farms, Ltd., of Portland House, Basinghall Street, London, E.C., and other addresses.

At Bylsborough, near Henfield, in Sussex, this organisation boasted a farm of 106 acres, which was to be developed into an amazing property for the production of eggs and poultry.

Bylsborough chickens would lay "golden eggs"

All were invited to participate in this unique money-making business. The amount of capital they had at their disposal was no matter. Rich and poor alike could be catered for.

"You have no risk of failure or depreciation," said the brochure.

Investors had apparently only to put down the small sum of 30s. for one little "lease" of the great Bylsborough Farm, and minor fortune was just round the corner. There was to be no limit to amount of investment.

Investors could have as many 30s. "leases" as they could pay for.

At least, so an ordinary person might presume.

For each such an investment on a little "lease," there would be 15 dozen eggs a year, with a minimum return in cash of six shillings on every thirty put down.

Twenty per cent. profit. Figures that speak for themselves.

But, even so, 20 per cent. was just a minimum estimate. When prices were high and eggs were expensive and scarce, profit percentages would climb, perhaps to 28 per cent., indeed, even higher.

Somehow this halcyon dream has not materialised.

Personally, I am not surprised.

For is not 20 per cent., without any risk, something rather impracticable?

Quite apart from that aspect, however, there are much more serious issues to probe.

My attention was first drawn to some of the "inner" mysteries of this strange scheme by a well-known London solicitor, who received a call from a man with whom he had had previous dealings and who appeared to be very interested in the Bylsborough enterprise.

He gave his name as Mr. A. L. Joseph, said he was a director of Sussex Egg Farms, and mentioned two others, Messrs. E. Cook and S. Spencer. The solicitor had no reason to doubt the statements, and it would appear that Joseph himself was deceived as to the whole business.

The solicitor agreed to act for the company that was supposedly about to develop this 106-acre farm in Sussex.

He was informed that arrangements had been made for the purchase of the estate for a sum of £10,000.

When, later in the day, the solicitor met the other partners he was told there had been some hitch in regard to the firm with which they were sharing the headquarters of Sussex Egg Farms in Basinghall Street, and they would be greatly obliged if, for the time being, they could use his office address.

He agreed, in ignorance of the fact that a previous firm of solicitors had cancelled their understanding with Sussex Egg Farms, Ltd., for certain reasons.

The new solicitor was told that Barclays Bank, Ltd., were the vendors of the Bylsborough land, and that there was plenty of money available to carry the deal through.

He began to work at once, and his office became the headquarters address of Sussex Egg Farms, Ltd.

Then he made some startling discoveries.

He found that, although they were in possession, the land was not actually their property, yet the concern had already granted certain "leases" to subscribers! Naturally, he told the promoters at once that such a proceeding was most improper, and that the money must be refunded pending the full, legal acquisition of the land.

Later he learned that the solicitors acting for the bank would not permit the land to be sold in any case.

Next there came a telephone call from the City of London police enquiring whether the new "offices" of Sussex Egg Farms were located at his address. This was followed by a visit from a well-known detective-inspector.

When the solicitor discovered these and other facts he immediately informed the promoters of Sussex Egg Farms to cease using his address.

The Registrar of Joint Stock Companies was also communicated with.

While all this was going on in London strange things were occurring at Bylsborough Farm.

People who had been induced to supply goods on credit—furniture, agricultural appliances and accessories—were so weary of waiting for payment that they began to make personal application.

I am told that some actually took their goods away when no payment appeared to be forthcoming.

And that is how Sussex Egg Farms would seem to stand at present.

My advice to any reader who has invested money in this concern is to send full details to me. This is obviously an impudent case, which calls for the fullest investigation.

Lancashire Racketeers

QUITE recently I drew attention to the way in which Birmingham and other Midland towns had been victimised by charity racketeers.

New reports have reached me indicating that, in addition to other large cities, Manchester is now also suffering from the persistent charity promoter.

One particular campaign has been launched by a Mr. Thomas Taylor for a sum of £10,000 for the "Lancashire and Cheshire Dental Aid and Hospitals Fund," with headquarters in Albert Square, Manchester.

Taylor has produced a booklet which is intended to induce people to subscribe the £10,000 on the plea that their money will bring golden days of health to hundreds of sufferers.

There is no more laudable object than the provision of facilities for the care of the teeth for poor people. But in connection with this elaborate scheme the fact is overlooked that the people of Lancashire and Cheshire are already being looked after by the great dental hospitals in Liverpool, Manchester and other centres.

Mr. Taylor, so his booklet states, intends to extend the activities of his organisation to Bolton, Chester, Crewe, Lancaster, Preston and Burnley.

He adds: "In addition to the untold assistance rendered personally to the public, a quarterly grant is made to certain hospitals according to funds available."

Now, the public has a right to know a little more about the "untold assistance" which the charity is to render.

How big are these quarterly grants?

To which hospitals are they being made?

It was not so very long ago that a similar appeal was made for £10,000 by a Mr. Norman R. Bates, described as secretary and treasurer of the "Lancashire and Cheshire Dental Hospitals."

I am not certain whether Mr. Bates has already given up hopes of collecting this large sum from the public. But how will he stand up against the competition of Mr. Taylor collecting for what appears to be an identical cause?

Again, a Mr. Nolan opened some time ago an office in Cannon Street, Manchester, and put up a notice, "The Northern Voluntary Aid and Hospitals Fund." On his collecting boxes were printed the words, "Please help a worthy cause."

Lately, Mr. Nolan left his office without paying outstanding rent.

* * *

Another "charity" has opened an office in Deansgate, in the same city, under the title of "The National Women's Help Society." The guiding spirit in this concern seems to be Mrs. R. Thain.

But Mrs. Thain is evidently in charge of the local branch of a similarly named organisation which was formed recently with headquarters at 28, Whitehall House, London, S.W. This has as its leading light Mrs. F. Booth, the wife of one of the most notorious charity-mongers on my records.

I should like to see the balance-sheet of all the concerns I have mentioned above.

Trio of Tricksters

HAVE you a singing voice?

If so, no matter how untrained it is, you can quickly become a radio, music hall, or cabaret star if you take advice from Mr. Eugene Feuchtinger, president of a concern called the Perfect Voice Institute.

According to his literature, Mr. Feuchtinger has given clients, who previously had no idea of singing, the charm of a lovely voice. He has even brought distinct enunciation and clear speech to others who had speech defects before going to him.

He tells you that not a penny is risked when you enrol. For he is so sure of success, even in the most difficult cases, that clients will "get back every cent paid" in a surprisingly short time.

Leave Mr. Feuchtinger alone. Firstly, his office is in far away Chicago, from whence his widespread circularisation is directed, and, secondly, before you can expect to receive his "lessons," you have to mail him 3s. 6d.

Stage and radio artistes cannot be trained by post.

* * *

Beware of crooks who trade on the sufferings of poor people who have been suddenly bereaved

They "work" districts in which a fatal accident has recently occurred. Giving the name of "John Collins," one of them called at a North London house the other day and sadly related that a "Mr. Jenkins," whose family resided only a few streets away, had been killed by a car. His wife and several children were left without any means.

"I only want sixpence," he said, "to ease their distress."

After making a rapid house-to-house tour of the district he disappeared, leaving his dupes to discover that the man in question had not died at all. In fact, he was non-existent!

* * *

Hector Ronald Sutherland Leveson-Gower, the scion of a noble family, who was recently denounced in these columns under the heading "£500,000 Hoaxer Unmasked" for using his "influential position and wealthy friends" to swindle people, was last week sent to jail.

Prior to his arrest he wrote me lengthy letters trying to satisfy me that my criticisms were unfounded.

That I was justified in all I said is now clearly established.

Horses for courses

Or what suits one doesn't suit another . . . . which is just as well, otherwise we should have a very dull world . . . . With Cigarettes, Player's give a choice of their famous Navy Cut . . . . "Medium" or "Mild." "Medium" of course suit millions: a veritable old friend, as irreplaceable as a devoted pet, as enjoyable as a favourite hobby . . . . and with all the reliability of such things. But you'll also find Player's "Mild" just as good in their own way as the more famous "Medium."

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CORK-TIPPED IF YOU LIKE, BUT REMEMBER IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

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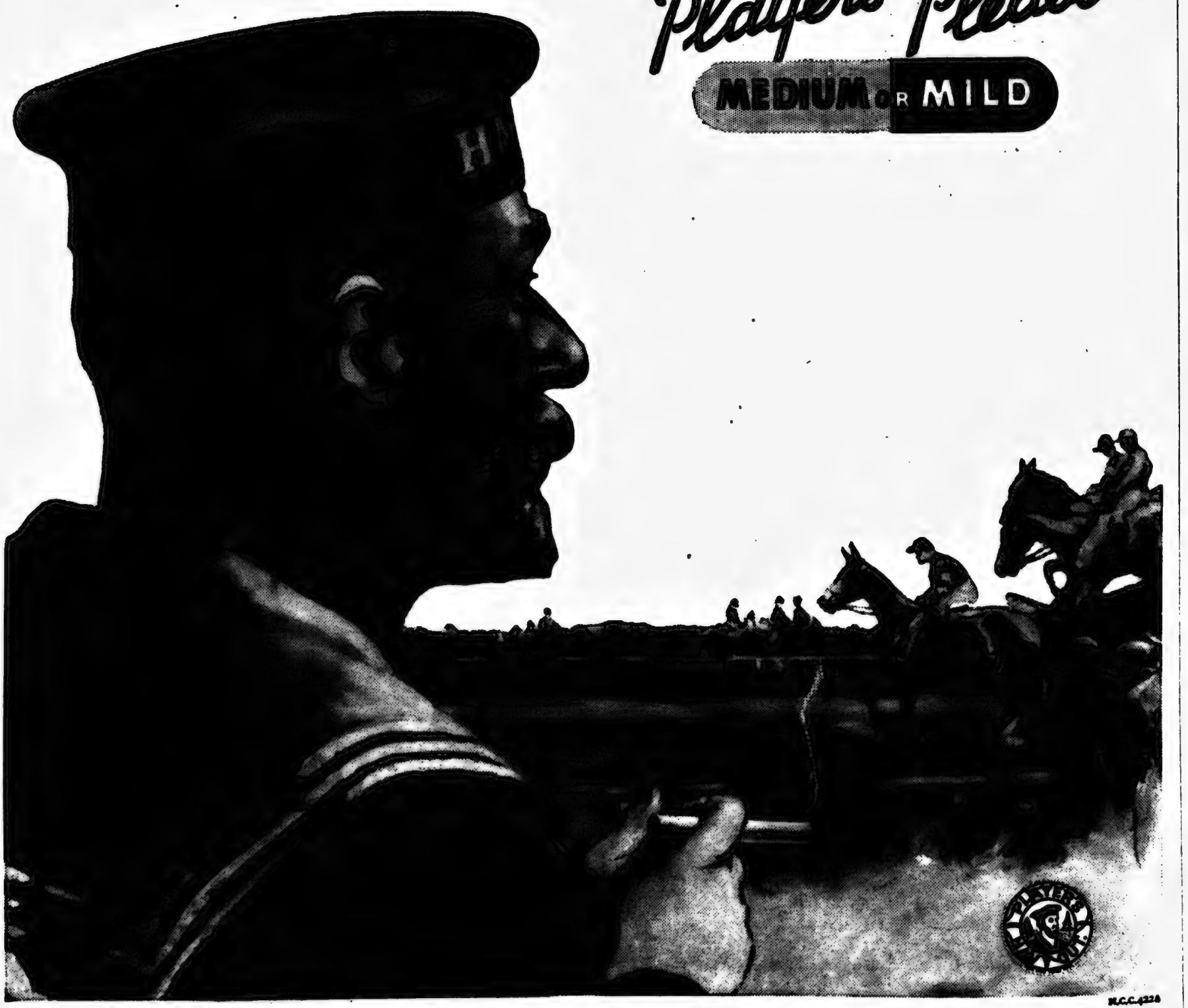


H.C.C.4228

Jerry's hand was resting on Zoe's. . . .

Sequels to Famous Plays
2—While Parents Sleep

LOST SOULS

by
Anthony Kimmins

Author of the famous play, "While Parents Sleep," which kept London audiences laughing for two years—one of the West End's longest runs

. . . . an uncomfortable silence followed

What Happened in the Play

Jerry, happy-go-lucky young naval officer, fell in love with Bubbles, a girl from Brixton.

They had met at a party. Jerry, with his gay irresponsibility, decided to introduce Bubbles to his family at the moment when his snobbish elder brother, who was in the Guards, was doing his utmost to entertain and charm the lovely Lady Cattering.

Host and guests all turned up their noses at poor Bubbles.

She, tearfully imagining that she had let Jerry down, walked out of his life.

BEHIND Stamboul the sun was setting. Silhouetted against the crimson glow, the domes of St. Sophia and Sultan Achmed lay bathed in gold.

Even the great city of Constantinople seemed to have been subdued by the beauties of the evening.

Captain Jerry Hammond, standing on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Intrepid*, looked up from the carpet he was examining, and wondered if he had ever seen such majestic splendour before.

Suddenly there was a swish—no other word can describe the sound. Not unlike the noise of a squall of wind through a field of young hay, but more definite, almost as if a sharp blade was being rushed through the air by an unseen force.

★ At the same moment, some dozen small birds, flying close to the water and in perfect arrow-head formation, shot past the stern and disappeared into the dusk.

"What are those birds, Abdul?" Captain Hammond asked. "I've never seen them anywhere else."

Abdul bin Khalir, the old Turk who sells carpets in the little shop at the far end of Galata Bridge, was busy praying before the setting sun.

Not that he was by any means a strict Mohammedan. In fact, ashore in his little shop, he would never have dreamed of so upsetting his digestion.

But here in the big British ship it was a matter of business. No Englishman would be ill-mannered enough to haggle over a few piastres after such a display of religious fervour.

With a last vigorous salaam and a muttered "El ham del illah," he rose and turned to the Captain.

"They no birds, Jenabek," he panted. "They what we call 'the lost souls of the Bosphorus.'"

Years ago, so Jerry Hammond gathered from the jumbled flow of broken English which followed, a certain sect of sinners, who had tried to undermine the Moslem faith, had been publicly hanged in Stamboul.

Before their death they had been cursed by the Shereef of Mecca and warned that their souls would never reach the eternal Paradise.

Instead, in the form of birds, they would fly throughout the ages over the waters that surrounded the scenes of their misdoings.

★ This, according to Abdul, was the legend of "the lost souls of the Bosphorus."

"Shall we say 200 piastres?" continued the old rogue, feeling that the subject of carpets had been forgotten quite long enough.

"All right, you win," smiled Jerry. "Take it down to my steward and he'll pay you the money."

Abdul bowed his thanks, while Jerry walked to the stern of his ship, where he stood quite motionless, watching the still waters and ever-changing lights of the sunset.

Officer of the watch and the Quartermaster stopped pacing the deck and maintained a discreet silence at the further end. The Captain was in one of his trances!

These trances were a cause of considerable discussion amongst the ship's company. They all adored Jerry, with his breezy manner, his absolute fairness, and his constant readiness to help the under-dog.

He seemed such a cheerful, care-free person on the surface, so why these sudden phases of his?

Some suggested the after-effects of a bad bout of malaria; others, his narrow escape from a ship which had been blown up; and others that he had been badly crossed in love.

The last were nearest to the mark.

Years ago, Jerry had met a girl in a Portsmouth dance hall. Her name was Bubbles Thompson, and from the word "go" he had fallen heavily for her gay smile, her laughing eyes.

That night they had danced a bit, laughed a lot, and drunk rather more than they should have done, and, it being midsummer, the romantic surroundings of the neighbouring Portsdown hills had seemed the obvious place to visit when the dance was over.

It was just one of those nights—hardly a breath of air, and a heavenly trouble-making moon.

Jerry had looked down into the laughing eyes beside him and had kissed the girl very tenderly. Bubbles had smiled back at him and . . . well, there you are, it was just one of those nights.

Next day Bubbles was due to return to her home at Brixton, so Jerry had insisted on driving her there in his dilapidated car.

On the way he had an idea: why shouldn't Bubbles come to stay at his parents' house in Eccleston Square? They would be delighted to see her.

But Bubbles had shaken her head at this crazy scheme. Brixton and Eccleston Square didn't mix. In Portsmouth they had been on level ground, but among his family, with servants and things, oh! no!

The more she had argued common-sense, however, the more adamant had Jerry become, and in the end she had been forced to give in.

Things turned out just as Bubbles had predicted.

They could not have chosen a more tactless moment to arrive.

★ Various stops, some enforced, a good many for refreshment, had delayed them until dinner, when they had burst in on the Hammonds entertaining the beautiful Lady Cattering, to whose husband their elder son, Neville, was hoping to go as A.D.C.

The whole object of the party had been to impress Lady Cattering, and Jerry's arrival with a girl from Brixton wasn't exactly a help!

Burning with indignation, the Hammonds had made no effort to hide their disapproval of Bubbles, and she, in her honest way, had made no effort to pretend to be anything other than what she was.

Jerry, furious with his parents for their snobbish attitude, had become truculent, and Bubbles, realising that a crisis was approaching, had quietly walked out without saying a word.

That was the last Jerry had ever seen of her. He had searched for her everywhere, but, not knowing her address, had failed.

But in the years that followed those laughing eyes had always remained in his memory. He had met lots of girls, often thought he had fallen in love, but he had always compared them with the memory of Bubbles, and that had been that.

Now as he looked out across the still waters of the Bosphorus, he saw once more those laughing eyes and wondered if he would ever see them again.

"Excuse me, sir. Could I speak to you a moment?"

Jerry jerked himself back to earth and looked round to find Desmond Moore, one of his young lieutenants.

"Certainly, Moore—what is it?"

From the boy's expression and the nervous fidgeting

(Continued on page 34)

WOMEN with WINGS

All airmen unstintingly admire Pauline Gower and her friend Dorothy Spicer. These accomplished young girls won their wings and trod a tough, up-hill road to recognition. Feminine and pretty they deliberately selected commercial flying for a livelihood. No honour and glory—just a job of work. But the romance and thrills of their adventures are told here

by Pauline Gower

Pauline and Dorothy *are two of my best friends. My admiration for the work they have done for aviation is unbounded.*

As a team they are perfectly matched. Dorothy, who is the engineer, holds her "A," "B," "C" and "D" licences—the only woman in the world to do so.

They authorise her to inspect, pass out, and make major repairs to both engines and aeroplane frames.

I would fly to Australia with the utmost confidence behind any engine she had passed as O.K.

Pilot Pauline holds not only her "B" commercial licence, but also a second-class navigator's ticket and G.P.O. wireless licence. She, too, is the first and only woman to hold all these certificates.

They entitle her to a job as chief pilot on any of the major air routes.

Amy Johnson.

FROM the moment Dorothy and I made our separate decisions to make flying our careers, money was the greatest difficulty.

I say separate decisions, because we were not partners then.

To pay for her first lessons in flying Dorothy had spent a tedious although not uninteresting year in a big London store.

I had heard that she was just as skilled in persuading customers to make wholly unnecessary purchases as she is now in diagnosing the cause of an engine showing a loss in revolutions.

The shortage of cash was just as acute in my case. I had to augment my depleted exchequer by giving lectures to schools, and by inflicting violin recitals on those trusting enough to believe I could play that instrument.

Flying training is expensive. At that time—seven years ago—the charge at the London Aeroplane Club, Stag Lane, for the hire of a machine was £1 an hour.

I had to get in a hundred hours' solo flying before I could even apply for the examinations for a commercial licence.

In addition, there was the night flight to be paid for, and that could not be done under another £20.

Both Dorothy and I spent many worried evenings working out the cost of our training and wondering how we were ever going to meet it.

But money, though the chief, was not our only obstacle. People ragged us and did their best to hinder our training.

Frequently when we were at work at Stag Lane Aerodrome, where we were taking instruction, we would overhear some such remark as: "What do those —— women think they are doing here?"

Some of the adjectives used were pretty high-powered, and at first Dorothy and I were really shocked.

I used to go hot all over and turn a delicate shade of red, which I could feel going all down my neck. Dorothy was the same.

Although we were already bosom friends, neither of us had yet conceived the idea of joining forces in our careers.

That's a story in itself. For, you see, our partnership began with a hoax!

One cold morning in February, 1931, Dorothy and I were working side by side at a bench littered with spanners, cylinder heads and other engine oddments.

★ ★ ★

We were scraping the carbon off a piston, digging into it with screw drivers, instead of massaging it gently with sandpaper.

A young man in horn-rimmed glasses, who was visiting the aerodrome, paused to watch us.

He was not appalled—as he should have been—at the horrible grooves and scratches we were scoring on the face of that piston.

His only surprise was at the sight of two blonde girls, clad in dirty overalls, whose faces and arms were liberally bespattered with oil and dirt.

"What are you girls training for?" he asked.

He looked so innocent and trusting the chance seemed too good to miss.

"We are preparing to fly to America," I answered.

"Yes," added Dorothy, "via Baffin Land and Greenland."

Never for a moment did we think he would take our answers seriously.

But he did, and a story got into the newspapers. Just as surely the idea of a partnership got into our heads.

★ ★ ★

We agreed that Dorothy would quit actual flying and concentrate on the engineering side. I would go all out for my pilot's "B" licence.

Together we would earn a good and regular income taking people up for joy-rides, or doing taxi work for folk in a hurry.

We didn't stop to think people would have to be in a hurry indeed before they would charter a couple of entirely inexperienced girls whose joint ages didn't total forty!

But, anyway, that started me off on my quest for the Air Ministry's "B" certificate—the commercial licence, without which no pilot can fly passengers for hire.

Most people find the hundred hours' solo flying for their "B" ticket tedious. But I knew nothing of navigation, in fact, I did not even know how a compass worked.

Practically every time I went on a cross-country flight I got lost, and had to land to enquire my way.

Once, for example, Dorothy and I decided on an aerial picnic. We would fly down to Hamble, taking our lunch with us. She would sit in the front cockpit with the lunch.

We got there all right, but as we sat under a hedge eating our lunch I saw rain clouds blowing across the sky.

With the threat of bad weather looming up, we leapt up off the grass to take off before the rain came. It was squally, clouds were mounting up, and it was obvious we were in for a bad patch.

On and on we flew. We had neared Farnborough, when conditions grew worse. It was raining and blowing in earnest. Flying in low cloud, we were thoroughly frightened.

I came down to a few hundred feet to look for the railway. It had gone. Railway lines have an unaccountable habit of doing that when you want them most.

Giving up in despair, we found a likely-looking field and decided to land. But the attempt was hopeless from the start.

We tore across the field sideways—well, across wind—with one wing down. Trees loomed unpleasantly close, and paralysis and mental numbness afflicted me.

Losing height, the air-speed indicator hovered at fifty—and all the time I couldn't think what to do.

Then the wind took charge. A gust lifted us up about twenty feet. We were now at forty feet, and, making a bee-line for a belt of trees.

Still my mind was blank. I, frozen with fright, making no attempt to act.

"Throttle!" yelled Dorothy. "Open the throttle, for God's sake!"

If that shout hadn't brought me to life I am sure we would both have been killed.

We just managed to pull the machine over the trees, to continue flying about miserably, lashed with the rain, and tossed about like a toy kite.

After what seemed a century we saw an aerodrome and made a perfect "three-point" landing.

★ ★ ★

Our next trip of note was to the Continent—to a Paris meeting of the International League of Aviators.

Amy Johnson invited us. When we told her we had no aeroplane and no money to hire one, she promptly lent us one of her machines.

We couldn't afford 30s. maps. So, terribly excited about our first trip to the Continent by air, we took off with cheap motoring ones.

Our trip over the Channel was an unqualified success. We went over at about 250 feet, diving at small sea craft to put the wind up their occupants and shrieking with merriment at their fancied peril.

Somehow or other we managed to lose ourselves—we were always doing it—and we found ourselves at last approaching Paris from the south instead of the north.

There was no trace of an aerodrome.

That night, while dining with other English pilots, we told them

"The beauty of it all seemed strange and unearthly"

how we had flown low over the Channel. Immediately there were cries of censure.

"What! Cross the 'Ditch' at less than 6,000 feet! What would you have done if your engine had cut out?"

Dorothy nearly choked at the prospect.

Morning found us leaving Paris for home — *viâ* Antwerp and Brussels.

This time we were determined not to get lost—and we passed Mons dead on course. Then, somehow, Dorothy, who was piloting, let her map blow away.

"Pauline," she called through the tube, "let me have your map; mine's gone."

In offering it, my hand missed hers. In a few seconds my map had gone, too, following the other to earth.

Still, we would get another map at Brussels—and here was Brussels. At least, I told Dorothy it was.

But I had reckoned without the strong tail wind. We had passed Brussels without recognising it!

We looked for the aerodrome for an hour, cruising in torrents of rain. At last I voiced the doubt that was now in both our minds. "Perhaps it isn't Brussels!" I said.

Dorothy put the nose of the machine down towards a square patch of green outside the town.

"Have you seen the overhead cables?" I yelled.

"Of course I have," she countered, slipping out of their way just in time.

"The field's too small. There's a fence across it! You can't do it!" I wailed.

"Shut up! Will you shut up?" Dorothy howled as she opened the throttle and climbed again.

"We've got to get down somewhere. There's only five minutes' petrol supply left."

Two minutes passed. It was difficult to say who was the more frightened.

"Let's get away from the town. The petrol will give out any minute and we shall both be killed," Dorothy groaned.

Anyhow, we found a small field, but as we glided down the engine spluttered and stopped.

Dorothy pulled off a "dead stick" landing that made me sorry she had deserted the flying side of aviation for the engineering side.

Dorothy Spicer, my partner

Then we asked the man who came racing across the field: "Is this Brussels?"

It was Liege!

Cash, as I have said, was our chief difficulty all along.

Yet, with extreme economy, we managed to pay for our training.

By the summer of 1931 I had gained my "B" pilot's licence, and Dorothy was a real, live engineer, capable of signing out one particular type of aeroplane and one particular type of engine.

That type was the De Havilland Gipsy Moth—the only type I had on my licence. We both felt the world was ours.

We both had a certain amount of luck in getting our licences, but the luckiest streak of all concerns that night-flying test of mine, without which our partnership could never have been a profit-making one.

★ ★ ★

Before that night flight began I went up under the guidance of Major Travers, club instructor at Penshurst aerodrome, to study landmarks.

I arrived at Croydon after twenty minutes' flying and had to wait an hour while two other candidates went up for their tests.

During my time of waiting I had all the dentist-chair sensations.

Then, at 12.15 a.m., I took off, gained 2,000 feet, waited for the light signal from the ground that was to tell me to proceed to Penshurst.

Once at Penshurst, I reflected, and I would have succeeded in the most difficult part of my instruction.

I flew on lost in wonder.

Sky was cloudless, the moon nearly full. Ahead of me the Tatsfield lights blinked cheerfully; behind, the myriad lights of London in a field of star-dust.

I noticed the moon gleaming on patches of silvery water. The beauty of it all seemed strange and unearthly. And then—

That was mist drifting across to the right of me. No doubt about it!

★ ★ ★

Now it was rolling about in patches. Now it was moving together, and consolidating, and sweeping beneath me in one unbroken wave.

I looked back. I had some idea of turning back to Croydon. But the mist swirled just as densely and eerily as in front.

For ten minutes I flew by compass. I judged that I must be near Penshurst, but there was no ground visible to help.

Down I came, as low as I dare, but found the fog obscured everything. Then I thought of trees and climbed again.

I was lost in the air—cut off from all help. I felt cold, and sick—anything but brave.

Then I became aware of another danger.

The moon was now obscured. Looking up, I saw the clouds rolling up again. Clouds and ground mist would meet, and then I should be flying completely blind.

Without blind-flying instruments, it meant that, within a few minutes of the clouds enveloping me, I would spin to earth and crash.

Yellow glare on the fog told me I was near London. I should probably go through a roof and kill people in their beds as well! I prayed that at least my engine would not develop trouble, but it served me well. I looked at my watch. Two hours in the air.

They had told me at Croydon to take an extra four gallons of petrol. It seemed so unnecessary at the time. How thankful I was now!

Then fear came in another surge. What difference did it make if they had put in another four gallons. It was only prolonging the agony.

I turned eastward, away from London. Better to end up in a field.

I was absolutely desperate when I saw a light blink once through the mist. It was quickly covered over by a rolling, white blanket.

A second later . . . the light again! My heart beat in great thuds.

Now it was coming and going, playing me tricks like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. Could there be an aerodrome there?

I flew into thinner mist, tempted on by this light. Then I saw a landing flare. My relief was unspeakable when I saw that a path of flares lit up across an aerodrome.

That path led me to safety. I could hardly believe that I was standing on the earth again—even if I was standing on leg-bones turned to water.

★ ★ ★

They felt no stronger when my tank was inspected and found to be almost empty.

I had landed at Hornchurch R.A.F. aerodrome.

The rest of the night I spent at Hornchurch and flew back in the morning to Stag Lane. There I learned that one of the two candidates that had started off before me had run out of petrol, crashed into a tree, and been badly injured.

I hardly dared hope that I had passed the night-flight test. I hadn't reached Penshurst at all.

But the Air Ministry decided that my two hours and more in the air was enough. I got my "B."

Next week:

We run an air-taxi

Murdered Policemen

Widows' Pension Scandal

by our Chief Commissioner

DURING my years of investigation work for JOHN BULL I have made, naturally, many friends among police officers in London and the country.

And I have found that each one holds in his heart a serious grievance against authority.

It concerns the treatment of the widows of officers who are killed when on duty or who die in the service.

From the public point of view, I consider that "grievance" is too soft a word to use. I prefer the harsher, more emphatic SCANDAL.

Now a murder trial, just concluded at the Old Bailey, has brought this matter to the forefront.

Police-Constable John Tremlett Potter, of the Devon County Constabulary, stationed at Whimple, sets out from his cottage on January 17 for his usual night round of the district. He does not return.

Next morning he is found lying unconscious, with grave head injuries, in the offices of a cider factory. There was evidence that the building had been entered and ransacked.

Some days later Potter died in hospital at Exeter. He never regained consciousness. His devoted wife and a comrade watched continuously by his bedside in the hope that the stricken man would be able to tell something of what had happened.

This week two Devon men stood in the Old Bailey dock charged with the murder of P.C. Potter.

Back in 1913 Potter joined the Devon County police. In 1915 he entered the Army, returning to the police after four years of military service.

At the time of his death he had only fifteen months of further police service to complete before retirement on a pension of £3 4s. a week.

Now what is the position of his widow?

The maximum she can receive under regulations is an allowance of £30 a year. That allowance has been given her, plus a return of a part of her husband's contributions to the police pension fund.

Constable Potter (left) and Constable Gutteridge, two brave men who died while doing their duty

Such an allowance, in the circumstances, is totally inadequate. If Potter had lived, her future was assured. He is killed. The woman loses her good man, and receives as a consolation the sum of £30 a year from a grateful country.

In future, she must exist on *eleven shillings and twopence a week.*

Incredible, the public will cry! Incredible, yes, but true.

No doubt Major L. H. Morris, the distinguished Chief Constable of Devon, feels the scandal of this unhappy business more than anyone. He has acted to the limit of his powers.

High officials of the police services have deplored this treatment of police widows. Yet the Home Office has done nothing to place the matter of widows' pensions on a just and proper basis, although it is willing to scrutinise individual cases on their merits.

Among the crusaders in the cause of the widows is Mr. J. A. Wilson, Chief Constable of Cardiff City. A few months ago he said, with justifiable indignation: "The position in relation to pensions for policemen's widows is positively scandalous."

He was then dealing, at a meeting of the City Watch Committee, with the case of a constable who died, leaving a widow and two young children.

Only the fact, said Mr. Wilson, that the men of the Cardiff police contributed £3,000 a year out of their own pockets to assist widows and dependants of former members of the force *prevented the widows from having to apply for public relief.*

Let me quote another example of this inadequate pension iniquity. A Swansea constable, with twenty-seven years' service, died from pneumonia caught when on duty. His widow was given a pension of £30 *a year*, plus an extra £10 a year until the younger of her children reached the age of sixteen.

Well do I remember taking part in an informal discussion of this police grievance a few years back. On that occasion a friend of mine, the late Detective-Sergeant H. Ayto, of Scotland Yard, protested against the pittance handed to the widow of a colleague.

Shortly afterwards, Ayto himself died after a brief illness contracted when on duty. He was one of the best detective-sergeants in the Metropolitan Police, constantly detailed for difficult murder enquiries.

Apart from a return of moneys he had paid in, his widow received the usual widow's pittance. And poor Ayto had only eleven months to go before retirement on a pension of over £4 a week.

About eighteen months ago, Police-Constable J. W. Thompson was killed on Barnet Hill while heroically trying to save a crowd of people from a runaway motor lorry.

His widow received the usual parsimonious grant, and then the matter was raised in Parliament. The woman was left with three small children. The house in which she was living carried a liability for regular purchase payments.

In view of those circumstances, Mrs. Thompson was granted a special pension of £2 7s. a week. Even so, she could not make ends meet. The Carnegie Hero Trust intervened—where the State refused—and made her weekly income up to £4.

Cases in the criminal courts repeatedly draw attention to the deadly risks of a policeman's duty.

Only last week a bench of London magistrates paid the highest tribute to the gallantry of several police officers, who, unarmed, went to face bullets and wounds. They simply did their duty.

When P.C. Gutteridge, of the Essex Constabulary, became suspicious about a motor-car halted on the roadside, he did not pause to think of peril.

He went up to the car to make his proper enquiries, and was shot down.

From the day of that sensational murder until now there has been no alteration at all in the totally inadequate scale of gratuity payment to the widows of men "killed in action."

Surely the remedy is a simple matter—just an amendment of police pensions regulations sanctioned by the Home Secretary.

Hospital Fund Protest

A NUMBER of workers recently formed the Swansea and District Hospital Fund as a protest against the decision of the local hospital authorities to increase the local contributory scheme.

Money had to be found to pay for a £5,000 deficit on the hospital budget, a figure which included payment of the honorary medical staff, and it was proposed to raise subscriptions from one penny to threepence.

Apparently the workers paid a considerable sum to the hospital, leaving only a matter of £10,000 for treatment for which they do not pay.

A section of the community was not satisfied with this new arrangement and formed their new fund, out of which they proposed to pay for *all* treatment they received. But the local hospital refused to accept this gesture.

Formal application by the secretary of the new fund for the "reception and treatment of members in accordance with normal hospital procedure" has been refused.

In the application officials of the fund made, it is quite clear that the fund would pay the hospital for the full maintenance charges for all services rendered.

Apparently the hospital decided on its own policy for a contributory scheme some years ago and will not swerve from it.

It would appear, however, that local consultants are prepared to deal with cases if they are regarded as private and separate, but are not prepared to accept payment of their fees through the fund.

This attitude appears to have been borne out by a doctor attending a married woman whom he had certified required an X-ray examination.

He wrote, "You will have to pay the specialist privately when you receive his account and then get it back from the fund."

This was in the case of a woman in an advanced state of pregnancy. When she was examined the radiologist made it clear he would not accept money directly from the fund.

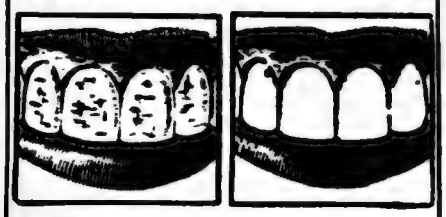
* * *

Previous to the establishment of the present workers' hospital fund, with its 11,000 members, there existed in Swansea a similar organisation, which, like its successor, was built up as a protest against the attitude adopted by the Swansea hospital.

The first fund received the approval of several consultants who are now taking exception to the methods adopted by the second.

While I take no sides in this matter, I do say that the relief of human suffering is the prime duty of any medical man.

The difference



between Good Teeth and Bad

is less than
1/1000th of an inch of enamel!

Startling, but true! And once this thin film of enamel at the gum line is worn away decay germs enter easily. Yet tooth-pastes which contain gritty ingredients actually help to wear this enamel away!

Make sure *your* tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send coupon for free sample). Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

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Never have a shiny nose—use

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CLOTHES NOW WASHED BRILLIANT-EASILY AND IN HALF THE TIME!

"Women pass on the news!"

BUT YOU DO A BIG FAMILY WASH, MRS. COLLINS... YET YOU FINISH HOURS AHEAD OF ME EVERY WEEK! HOWEVER D'YOU MANAGE IT?
WHY, IT'S EASY, MRS. MORGAN! I DO MY WASHING THE NEW RINSO WAY... BOIL WHITES SNOWY IN 2 MINUTES; SOAK COLOUREDS BRILLIANT IN 12. AND THERE'S NO HARD RUBBING AT ALL! LET ME SHOW YOU...
MRS. COLLINS SHOWS ME MORGAN—
WELL, DO THESE COLOUREDS NEED ANY HARD RUBBING, MRS. MORGAN?
I SHOULD SAY NOT! THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT!... AND TO THINK RINSO'S DONE IT IN JUST A 12-MINUTE SOAK! WHY, I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM SO LOVELY BEFORE!
NOW FOR THE WHITES... THEY'VE BEEN AT THE BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES!
AND THEY'RE SIMPLY DAZZLING, MRS. COLLINS! YOU WERE QUITE RIGHT! RINSO'S MADE MY WHOLE WASH BRILLIANT WITHOUT ANY HARD RUBBING AT ALL! AND I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL! EASY RINSO WASHDAYS FOR ME FROM NOW ON!

New, Easy Rinso Methods Spreading Like Wildfire. Women Everywhere Passing on the News of Swift 2-Minute Boil and Short 12-Minute Soak!

"I'LL SHOW YOU!" That's what women who have tried out the new Rinso methods are saying to friends who haven't tried them.

These friends are doubtful at first, of course. For never before have women known a way to boil whites clean in 2 minutes, or soak coloureds clean in 12. Nor any way to get rid of all hard rubbing.

But when they see for themselves how swiftly and easily the new Rinso methods work, they realise that hard work on washday is over for them for ever!

The 2-Minute Boil

They simply put the white things into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. They don't soak or rub them beforehand. Instead, any extra-dirty places are dampened, and a little Rinso smoothed in. Then they bring the clothes to the boil, as usual, and boil them for only 2 *minutes!* They save about 30 minutes' fuel. And the clothes come out dazzlingly white!

Then there's the Rinso 12-minute soak for coloureds. They put these clothes into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 minutes. After that, they are so clean they don't need *any* hard rubbing at all.

Remember—give your whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Save money on fuel! Give your coloureds the Rinso 12-minute soak. Give your silks, woollens and fine things, of course, a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. You'll have the cleanest, brightest clothes-line you've ever seen! And remember, Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

RINSO MAKES SHORT WORK OF WASHING!
USE THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL FOR DAZZLING WHITES!
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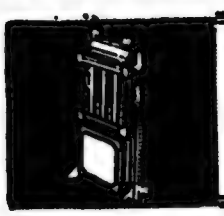

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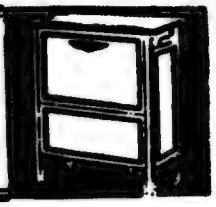


What do you do with your money?

HERE'S HOW MRS. LEE, OF DONCASTER, SPENDS HERS

(*Note:* Mr. Lee walks to work — 20 minutes every morning — to save fares. His personal expenses are covered by his overtime earnings.)

To make her food allowance go further she buys **ROWNTREE'S COCOA** *— because it* **AIDS DIGESTION**

"PEOPLE like us have to watch not just every shilling, but every penny," says Mrs. Lee, of Doncaster. "That's why we all think such a lot of Rowntree's Cocoa. It's grand how it makes meals go further — even a simple meal becomes really satisfying and nourishing.

"Yes, I've read how Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion, and I'm sure that must be true — it certainly helps to keep all of our lot in fine shape."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it actually helps everyone (especially children) to digest their food better and get more body-building nourishment. Meals with Rowntree's Cocoa give children extra energy, and build up their bones, muscles and tissues more quickly.

FREE GIFTS! Hundreds of valuable Free Gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE 43, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for FREE GIFT BOOKLET, containing Free Voucher value three coupons.

Reader's Story

When Bandits Fell Out

by F. C. Saunders

I was startled to behold the ragged figures of four men, each of whom held a wicked-looking knife in his hand

DURING the years 1920-1923 I was stationed in Turkey with the Royal Corps of Signals.

Our work consisted for the most part of patrolling miles of telegraph poles that ran across wild, hilly and desolate country. Apart from this, we did construction and repair work.

It was while I was out there that I had my greatest thrill.

Patrols consisted of two or three men. The object of them was chiefly to stop bandits cutting and stealing the telegraph wire and to repair any damage that had been done.

These bandits lived in the hills. Their camps were small and they dwelt in tumble-down shacks. A band never numbered more than half a dozen.

Our job was always dangerous. You never knew when you went out whom you would encounter, and whether you would return alive. It wouldn't have been so bad had two or three of us always been together, but the nature of the work demanded separation.

Sometimes we had to travel miles on our own.

One night a colleague and I were detailed to patrol the telegraph wires in the Osmani district. There was a large wireless station here, and damage resulting from the activities of the local banditti was an every-day occurrence.

It was a very dark night, and there were only two of us. I had to patrol several miles on my own.

I had, I suppose, been riding alone for about half an hour when I came to some woods that practically covered one side of a hill. It was very quiet and lonely.

Seeing what I thought was a broken wire, I dismounted, tethered my horse to a tree and proceeded to investigate.

There was damage all right. Somebody had wrought havoc with one section of the wires. It was while I was contemplating returning to my friend that the bandits emerged noiselessly from the woods, disarmed me, and made me prisoner.

AT the time, I was glancing up at the remaining wires. Then, when I looked down, I was startled to behold the ragged figures of four men, each of whom held a wicked-looking knife in his hand.

I had no doubts what would happen to me. They would rob me of all I had and then murder me.

Whilst they were talking, or, rather, gabbling at me in their native tongue, my panic subsided, and I was able to get some control over myself.

In a flash I realised that if there were any chance of escape the only way of taking advantage of it was by being self-possessed.

There was one factor in my favour—my mind ticked over faster than their four combined. All I had to do was to remain calm and wait for an opportunity.

At length, they indicated that they wanted me to walk in the woods. They did this by turning me round and pricking me in the back with their knives.

I must confess that walking in front of them with my hands behind my neck was the greatest thrill—if an unpleasant one—I've ever had. It was thrilling in the sense that I did not know when they might fall on me and bury their knives in my back.

We climbed a narrow path that ran through the woods and around the hill. The bandits had obviously not seen my horse, or, if they had seen it, they hadn't troubled to bring it along.

As I walked, I made a mental note of the path along which we walked. After what seemed an age, we finally came upon two tumble-down shacks standing in an open space.

Here the bandits had a consultation. Then two of them went through my pockets.

They took my wrist-watch, some money, and a pocket-knife. When they had seen what the yield was, they began to wrangle among themselves, apparently about dividing the spoils.

After a while, the argument became heated. The men gesticulated wildly and shouted at the top of their voices. This suited me admirably.

I SAID to myself: "Any moment now one of these scoundrels is going to sock one of the others on top of the nose. Then I'll make good my escape."

But it didn't turn out that way. The shouting and gesticulation was their normal way of discussing things.

In the end, I gave up hope. Their argument abated, and just as I thought they had arrived at an understanding they flared up again.

This time it was worse than ever. Their voices were almost deafening. With their knives out of reach of me, I had the opportunity I had been looking for.

When they were yelling their loudest, I turned suddenly and dashed into the wood.

For five or ten minutes I ran blindly, oblivious to everything except thoughts of freedom and life.

Then, slackening my pace, I strained my ears. Footsteps were audible, but the bandits would have to be super-runners to catch me.

About half-way down the hill my foot caught in some obstruction and I fell.

Scrambling to my feet, I was conscious of pain in my shoulder, but was overjoyed to find my legs all right.

Reaching the telegraph wires, I was delighted to see my horse still tethered to the tree where I had left him. Once on his back, I had no more fears.

THIS little incident constituted just a tour of duty in the life of a British Tommy overseas.

But to me it constituted something much more. It made me ambitious to become a champion runner.

My ambition was realised some years later, when I represented England at the Olympic Games.

But I don't think my best competition running can compare with my dash through that Turkish wood!

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 139,531, F. C. Saunders, "The Elms," Berghers Hill, Bucks

Blameless—but Penalised

Messrs Morgan, Bruce and Nicholas, Pontypridd, solicitors to the Mid-Rhondda Co-operative Society, Ltd., have drawn our attention to certain discrepancies in the story, "Blameless—but Penalised," in our issue of February 19, 1938, which referred to a young man, Ronald Maurice Williams, who was formerly in the employ of the Society.

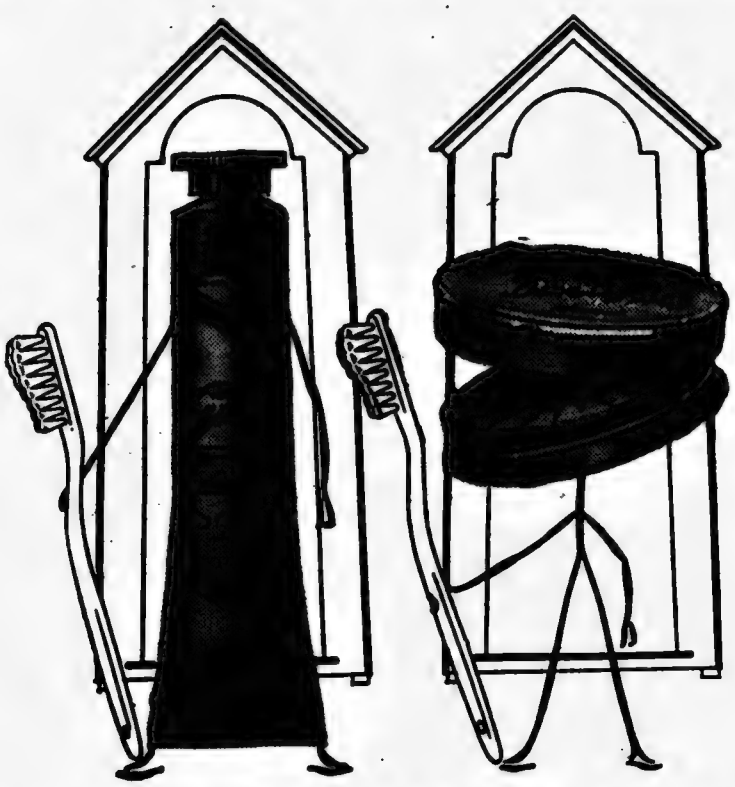
In view of the nature of the information with which they have been good enough to furnish us, it is apparent that the young man's case received the sympathetic consideration of the Management Committee.

We wish to take this opportunity of withdrawing anything in the story which gave a contrary impression and of apologising to the Society for our criticism which, we are satisfied, was founded upon inaccurate information.

IT'S THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE AT MEALS

Cold meat might be dull, but it's *grand* when you serve Pan Yan. They all come twice for a helping when they get spicy Pan Yan too. Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate digestion—it makes everything nicer to eat, easier to digest. Remember that good temper starts in the stomach—keep your family happy with Pan Yan meals.

AS LOYAL TOOTHGUARDS we're equally dependable!



You use the BEST—whichever you choose!

Dentists know that every ingredient in Gibbs is of exactly the right kind to do its work thoroughly and safely. Gibbs polishes teeth to the shining beauty of clean unscratched enamel. Gibbs kills germs, neutralises mouth acids. Because it is slightly foamy, Gibbs reaches every crevice of teeth, mouth and gums, washing away everything that could cause decay. Gibbs makes the breath sweet, leaves the mouth fresh and wholesome.

Some people prefer Gibbs in its solid form—particularly for children; others choose Gibbs Tooth Paste as they consider it more handy to use. But whichever form you choose, so long as it is Gibbs, you are getting the world's best Dentifrice.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

-in your favourite form

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d and 1/-

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. GDP1B

None of those "Nervy" habits now...

She was always "nervy" at the office . . . uneasy when taking notes . . . couldn't translate when it came to typing . . .

She was "on edge" when she spoke on the 'phone . . . couldn't find the right word . . . got impatient . . .

Noises, ordinary enough in themselves, were magnified a dozen times by sheer nerves.

QUAKER OATS

with its nerve-nourishing VITAMIN B has made all the difference!

SHE smiles when she remembers how little things used to irritate her . . . how the 'phone and the noise nearly drove her frantic . . . and those restless habits of hers, chewing her pencil, wrinkling her forehead. Just "nerves," of course, but "nerves," unpleasant enough in themselves, can lead to so many other things, like indigestion, constipation, listlessness.

She can afford to smile now, for the "*nerve-nourishing*" Vitamin B in Quaker Oats has made a world of difference. Everyone needs a constant supply of the Tonic Vitamin—a new supply every day for it cannot be stored in the system. And the nicest way of getting it is in a delicious creamy hot Quaker Oats breakfast every morning.

QUAKER OATS

GUMS SORE? FIX FALSE TEETH WITH "CUSHION-COMFORT"

Simply sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates. It forms a marvellous "cushion-comfort" which gives instant relief to sensitive gums and positively prevents chafing and soreness like nothing else can. The World's largest seller—Dr. Wernet's Powder—justly called "the perfect powder"—holds plates firmer for hours longer. Leaves no coloured gummy paste—teeth fit so snugly yet comfortably they feel like natural. Prescribed by world's leading dentists—just a sprinkle. Quite harmless, cannot harm the stomach. Inexpensive—sold by chemists everywhere.

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5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "PLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £4:15:6 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:11:6 Terms 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juvenile', & Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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PIFCO "Service" 6-volt dynamo, headlamp, red rear lamp, all chromium plated

From all Cycle shops. 10/6

AVOID ANY INFERIOR SUBSTITUTE

FREE. Write for Catalogue of Britain's Best Cycle Lamps.

Save and be SAFE

Fit a Pifco Dynamo Lighting Set to your bicycle, to save money and ride safely. No batteries required. Save as you ride. Pifco Electric Light never fails. Guaranteed. Weatherproof

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Britain Has a New Defence—

GRASS

In war-time our pasture-land is as important as guns

GRASS! The grass of the fields. The grass in your garden.

What about it? you may ask.

There is a lot about it. Before long it will be very much in the news. JOHN BULL can give its readers the first exclusive information about what is little short of a miracle.

Ordinary grass is to be taken into the first line of the nation's defence.

It has been discovered that by a cheap and easy process young, leafy grass can, without drying, be preserved indefinitely.

All its qualities, food value, freshness and fragrance are retained intact.

Consider what this will mean to the country—when cattle and sheep can be fed on fresh grass all the year round.

First, a general improvement in the bodily health of the people and greater resistance to disease, because at all seasons they can have food of the highest quality.

Then, if the new knowledge is used to the utmost, it will become economically possible for the first time for Britain to meet its own requirements of all kinds of meat and dairy produce in peace or war.

That has never been attainable in the past because for half the year, and more, pasture grass has not been available for animal food.

★ ★ ★

The secret of preserving it is an entirely British discovery—made by men who were asked by the Government to assist in making the country invulnerable in war-time against food shortage.

In the Great War this brought Britain nearer to defeat than anything else.

So impressed are the Government authorities by the possibilities of what has been revealed that a quick survey has been made of the English pasturelands.

It is realised that not only can the present colossal waste of grass now be turned to profit, but that the pasturage of Britain can be doubled without prejudice to the crops yield.

A beginning is likely to be made at once on the military aerodromes which cover 200,000 acres of some of the finest agricultural land in the country.

These alone, it has been found, can provide 1,200,000 tons of wet grass yearly with a value in starch equivalent units of more than £3,000,000.

Yet, hitherto, the removal of grass from aerodromes has cost the taxpayers £600,000 a year.

Contractors have been paid to burn it or to take it away to make manure.

Golf courses, playing-fields, open spaces and the like, will next be used to demonstrate this miracle for the nation's good.

It would not be in the national interest if anything more were made known just now about the discoveries than a general idea of the nature and magnitude of them.

Already the news has spread abroad, notwithstanding elaborate precautions to prevent leakage. Foreign Powers, grappling themselves with the problems of self-sufficiency, have sent spies to Britain to gather information.

Naïve, indeed, have been the efforts of Herr Hitler in this direction. Two of his agents appeared in London recently, and, with sublime audacity, asked for introductions to the people who could tell them all about it!

They were given short shrift.

Emissaries of other Continental countries have also been on the quest—using more dubious and forceful methods.

A few days ago premises in a remote part of Derbyshire, where some of the principal experiments have been carried out, were broken into and data and records stolen.

The raiders could not have had much satisfaction from their plunder. Something of the kind had been expected, and the vital material they were hunting for was safely hidden.

★ ★ ★

There is little doubt that the activities of alien spies have been largely responsible for rousing British Government departments from their torpor. It has dawned on them that if outsiders are so excited and eager, it may, after all, be worth while exploiting the knowledge that has been entrusted to them for this country's interests.

What has been discovered is, in effect, that young leafy grass can, without drying, be preserved like fruit and vegetables, inexpensively and profitably, and made to retain its full food value indefinitely.

The grass is preserved in tanks of the simplest construction.

The ideal diet for cattle—as well as horses, sheep and most other animals—is the short, leafy herbage of the English pasturelands. And the ideal diet for calves—and babies—is the milk produced by livestock grazing on these pastures.

Hitherto, this dietary has been available for only five months in the year. For most of the remaining seven months the animals are housed in the byres and fed on winter rations of hay, roots and concentrates, which fall far short of the high digestive value of young field grass.

That is why ordinary foodstuffs, especially milk, show for the greater part of the year a marked falling-off in vitamin content.

Every doctor knows, too, that this is the chief reason why, during these months, the human body is less capable of resisting infectious diseases. It is deprived of Vitamin A, its most valuable ally.

Supreme and recurring evidence is in the ravages of influenza.

It was quite accidentally that the amazing new possibilities of preserving grass, like fruit and vegetables, were revealed. They were observed one day at a private experimental centre, when short young grass was being heated to check bacterial action before drying.

Fifty per cent. of the moisture, it was found, could be extracted without any loss of food value. And the grass retained every particle of its nutritive properties and its full fragrance when put straight into containers and hermetically sealed.

In a flash the men who saw these things discerned the tremendous significance of them—twelve months of summer pasturage; stock-raising on a scale never known before in Britain; an abundance of high-quality human food at all seasons; escape from the peril of war-time starvation; the building of a physically A1 nation in peace-time.

They began to find still more potentialities of ordinary grass.

★ ★ ★

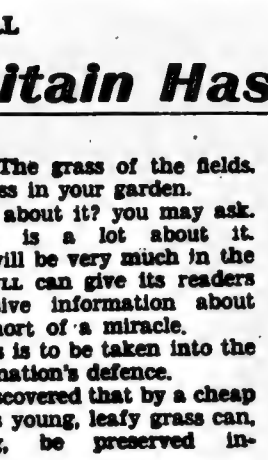
One was that from the pastures of Britain there can be extracted and distilled a perfume so rare and delicate that only the wealthiest women have in the past been able to obtain it. It can now be produced from grass in hitherto unsuspected quantities and sold quite cheaply.

Next they discovered that the precious substance known as carotene, the precursor of Vitamin A, and essential to the treatment of many diseases, can be yielded by grass in three times the quantity available from carrots.

All the pure carotene used in Britain until now has come from abroad, and it costs £50 an ounce wholesale. Henceforth it can be extracted in such quantities and so cheaply from grass that it should be available to the poorest people.

But it is on the assurance that Britain can now be independent of the bulk of overseas food supplies that scientists are staking their biggest claim about common grass.

Unfit for Work



when lazy kidneys cause

Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

YOUR KIDNEY filters get partially clogged and congested at times. Poisons collect in the blood and cause backache, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, dizzy spells, headaches, disturbed sleep, stiff painful muscles and joints, swollen limbs, renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills relieve these painful disorders by cleansing and invigorating the kidneys and bladder. Healthy, active kidneys soon make you feel healthy and fit for work once more.

Laid up Five Weeks.

Mr. F. Hitchon, 26, Heeley Street, New Road, Blackpool, says:—"I was laid up for five weeks with kidney complaint. The pains in the small of my back were agonising. At every movement there was a sharp pain like a stab. The urine contained a sediment and caused a burning pain when seeking relief. No matter what I tried, I could not get permanent ease until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. I took four boxes altogether and I have kept champion since. (Signed) F. Hitchon."

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

How **COUGHS COME... and go!**

The common cold—unfortunately far too common—nearly always comes before a cough. Then when your defences are already weakened by the cold, the germs of the cough find you a ready victim. Your wisest plan is easy to see. When you have a cold keep away from places where the germs of coughs abound. Fresh air is better than crowded places of amusement. A night at home with the wireless is better than an evening at a dance or a cinema. And before the germs can get a grip on your system, a few doses of Famel Syrup are your best protection. The soluble Lactocreosote in Famel is carried by the blood to the very root of the infection—the lungs and throat—to attack and destroy the harmful germs. It is this power to treat bronchial troubles through the blood stream that makes Famel Syrup so much more than a mere palliative. Meanwhile, calmative elements in Famel Syrup will be soothing the irritated membranes of the chest and throat and others will be building your appetite and strength and fortifying your body against further attacks.

Famel Syrup is not a mere 'Cough Mixture.' It is a recognised medical product, known and constantly used by hospitals and sanatoria all over the world. 1/3 and 3/- from your chemist.

Famel Syrup

Brand

Goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

For brochure "How to be Happy and Healthy in Winter," please write to Dept. J.B.9, Wilcox Jeakes and Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

Crumble Coast

YOU remember the recent gales at sea, high tides all round the coast, sea walls battered to bits?

Fierce north-west winds swept up the estuary of the Thames for days. They lashed the waters into fury and great waves swept over the defences of many towns and villages.

Some houses were flooded from four to six feet deep with sea water.

One was the house of a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and there was immediate compensation forthcoming because he had taken the precaution to register under our Free Insurance Scheme. After receiving our cheque in settlement of his claim, he wrote:

"Many thanks for the prompt way in which you acknowledged my claim, and how pleased I am I became a registered reader of JOHN BULL thirteen years ago."

Once again we would remind you that JOHN BULL is the *only* newspaper in the whole world to safeguard its registered readers against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, as well as giving many Accident benefits.

Fill in the coupon on page 4 at once.

Teach them this simple rule! "Inner Cleanliness for health and Andrews for Inner Cleanliness." No other laxative is so gentle, so safe and at the same time so inexpensive. Moreover, children love it. Andrews gives Inner Cleanliness by purifying the whole system. Its special ingredients encourage the bowels to work naturally. It has a beneficial action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. By giving Andrews occasionally you can be sure you are encouraging the lifelong habit of healthy regularity. Andrews, the ideal tonic laxative for all ages, has your doctor's sanction. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

Cherry Blossom Rhymes

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Shining the shoes one day.
When down came a spider,
Whose eyes opened wider
On seeing the bright display.
Said Mr. Spider: "Pray kindly excuse
But may I enquire what polish you use,
To give such a shine to so many shoes?"
"Cherry Blossom of course," replied Little Jack
"'Tis the best for shoes, whether brown or black."

The DAILY polish with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

only takes a minute and makes shoes look their best

CB/12/3

Everyone's suited with the...

BECAUSE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive oil content.

Even under the toughest beard there's a tender skin. And Palmolive is kind to tender skins—its content of soothing olive oil sees to that! So more men every day are using this wonderful *olive oil* shaving cream and proving the five strong points about Palmolive—already the most popular shaving preparation there is.

6d AND 1/-

CATARRH SUFFERERS!

HAVE YOU TRIED EXISTING 'REMEDIES' WITHOUT SUCCESS?

IF you suffer from Catarrh, here's fresh hope for you. Even if everything you have tried has failed—don't give in. The new approved KATARRINE TREATMENT is so certain that it is supplied on 7 days' trial under a *money-back guarantee*. It is the result of careful research, and is bringing permanent relief to countless sufferers. The KATARRINE METHOD CAN BE USED BY ANYONE—even the most delicate. Send NOW for full details—you'll bless the day you did so!

The New **KATARRINE TREATMENT**

YOUR MONEY RETURNED IF IT FAILS

Write to: *Katarrine Supply Co., Grand Theatre Chambers, Blackpool.*

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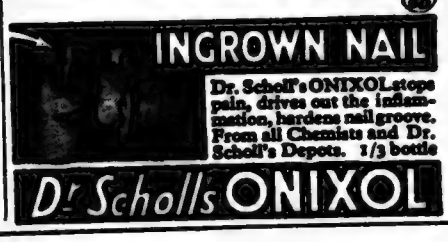
ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be **KEATINGS**

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-



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Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL stops pain, drives out the inflammation, hardens nail groove. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 1/3 bottle

Dr Scholls ONIXOL

BETTER THAN A MUFFLER!

NIPITS

1d PACKETS 3 FOR

OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

CRACKED GRIMED HANDS

Do this...

Hands Lovely...

Massage 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly well into your hands. Use it as though you're washing with it! Grimy dirt slides out like magic. Rough, cracked skin becomes soft and smooth. Nails don't break. Try this easy 'Vaseline' Jelly hand-treatment daily. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK

Petroleum Jelly

daily for hands

CLEANSES · SOOTHES · SOFTENS

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. CONS'D., VICTORIA ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10 4426

I TRIED EVERYTHING FOR INDIGESTION

How Bus Conductor got Relief.

If you know what it is to suffer from chronic Gastric Trouble, just read what Mr. J. K. Martin, of Manor Park-road, Harlesden, says:—

"Having been a London Bus Conductor for many years, and suffering from Gastric Trouble, I have tried almost everything. Two months ago a friend advised me to try 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets and almost guaranteed they would cure me. I have been on light diet for years, and after one bottle I found I could enjoy food. To-day I can sit down to ordinary diet."

'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets are entirely different from anything you ever tried. Drop a couple in a glass of water and you have a refreshing, sparkling, bubbling drink that almost instantly relieves the pain of Indigestion, Wind and Headaches, and counteracts the acidity which causes them. Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It is not a laxative. It is wonderful too, for Rheumatism, Colds, Influenza, etc.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/-size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

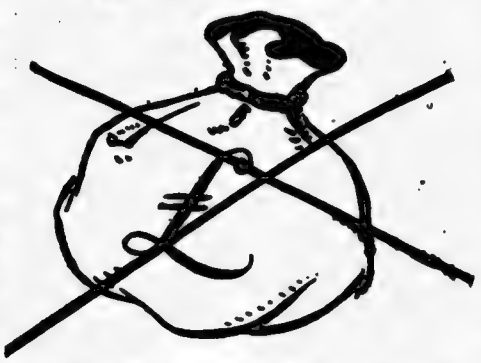
Husky Throats

Soothe them after singing, speaking or smoking—with 6d

Vick BRAND **Lozenges**

Human Documents by Philip Inman

Silence is not always golden



FRANCOIS VILLON, in the play and the film "The Vagabond King," says, "I can have all I want by sitting still and doing nothing—and yet if I do nothing I am nothing."

A similar thought applies to many of my readers.

"By remaining silent," they say, "we obey the old maxim of minding our own business, and yet——" They have found that silence is not always golden.

One woman writes:

Five years ago I met and fell in love with a farmer and we became engaged. One day I called to see him unexpectedly, and to my surprise I heard a noisy argument going on.

A woman was telling my fiancé that he was not sending enough money to pay for *his child*.

His child! It came as a terrible shock to me.

As the result of that discovery, I found that this was not the only case and that my young man was regarded by decent folk as an outsider.

I broke off the engagement and left the neighbourhood.

Then the other day an old friend called to see me and she told me that she was very happy and engaged to be married. To my horror I discovered that her young man was my ex-fiancé.

She apparently knew nothing about his past and I have been troubled ever since wondering whether I ought to tell her. Do you think I should?

Now let me put a question to my correspondent. If she saw her girl friend standing on the edge of a precipice, would she not warn her of her danger?

I am sure she would. Then I think she cannot remain silent in this matter.

Her best plan would be to write to the man and insist that he should tell his fiancée the truth about his past. He may be able to convince her that he is sorry for what has gone before and has turned over a new leaf.

It will then rest with his girl whether she accepts his word and continues her engagement. Should the man, however, refuse to disclose his past, then my correspondent should tell the girl herself. They are friends, and friendship always implies obligations.

HERE is a similar problem in another form. "Should I act or do nothing?" asks this man. Here is his letter:

We are friendly with our neighbours—a young couple without any children. The wife has always been willing to help at any time and has come in to look after our children whilst my wife and I have occasionally visited the cinema.

By asking her and her husband in to a meal and for a game of cards we have tried to repay those kindnesses. As I am a traveller, I have always a good deal of loose money, in the form of postal orders and stamps, about the house, and I have kept it in a tin box. Some little time ago I discovered there was a shortage and now, as the result of a trap, I have proved that this neighbour is the thief.

What should I do? Do you advise me to tell the police or carry on as usual?

My correspondent, I am sure, realises the seriousness of his charge against that woman. I take it that he can, if necessary, furnish complete proof. The law of slander is a very severe one.

Assuming the accusation to be true, what should he do?

My correspondent's wife, I suppose, knows about these thefts. I suggest that *she* should talk tactfully with that woman, pointing out she has only her good at heart and that a continuance of her conduct can have only one end.

It may be that the thefts are due to some mental kink. In that event, medical or psychological treatment might have beneficial results.

Baffling indeed is the problem propounded in my next letter. I have given it a good deal of anxious thought:

For ten years (says this woman) I have been married to a straightforward and honest man. Before I met him and when I was quite young I had an affair, and I gave way to the man's pleadings and misconduct took place.

This man promised to see my mother to get her consent to our wedding, but when he called he found her under the influence of drink.

He discovered that she was often in that state and then refused to have anything more to do with me, saying that I might turn out like her.

When, later, I met and married my husband, I let him believe that he was the first man in my life.

My home is a long way from here, and I have seen my parents only three times since my marriage, on each occasion going alone.

My mother still drinks heavily and when in that state is very vindictive. More than once she taunted me that I was not as pure as I made out to be before our marriage.

Now comes my difficulty. My husband says it is time he saw my parents and proposes we should go there this year. What should I do?

I love him, and if my mother were to say anything it would wreck our happiness and destroy his faith in me.

ONLY three possible courses are open to this woman. She can hope that her husband will not persist in his desire to visit her home.

The second course is to prevail upon her mother to keep herself respectable and decent during the husband's visit.

The third course is for this woman to tell her husband everything. That is the honourable way. But she believes that he would never forgive her.

In my next case, silence has certainly not been golden. This young man tells me that he is married and works for a large firm of exporters. He goes on to say:

When I was appointed I was told by the staff manager that all requests, suggestions or complaints must be made through my section manager, and only in exceptional cases could direct application be made to the directors.

Last year I thought out a system which resulted in a saving of about £250 per annum for the firm. I have received no message of appreciation from the board, nor any increase of salary.

My opinion is that the section manager has taken the credit for it all. I have remained silent because if I approach the directors I feel sure he will make it so hot that the job will not be bearable.

On the other hand, it is not fair that I should receive no recognition.

THIS young man would be justified in asking his immediate chief whether his idea which has resulted in so substantial a saving has been reported to the board.

If not, then he has certainly a legitimate grievance and he can do one of two things.

He can write to the directors asking for an increase of salary and basing his claim upon the success of the scheme he inaugurated.

That, as he knows, may incur the animosity of his section manager; and as a married man he can't afford the risk of unemployment.

On the other hand, he could look for other work, where credit would be given him for any initiative displayed.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Race with "Silver Ring"

SIX TO FOLLOW

FINDING WINNERS on the Flat will be my main objective until the dark days of November come round again.

First of all, there is the group of "Six to follow" through thick and thin.

No. 1 is Scottish Union—very likely the Derby winner. No. 2 is Stafaralla, who may capture the Oaks. Nos. 3 and 4 are sprinters—Ipsden and Foray.

No. 5 is the candidate for cups, Sultan Mahomed; and the last a two-year-old named Veracite, also from the Fitzroy House stables.

Royal Mail and Royal Danfell stand for the Grand National. Monk Law is put up for the valuable Liverpool Hurdle and Domaha for the Spring Cup at Aintree.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 24, to Wednesday, March 30:

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

8338SFKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

TREAT YOURSELF

How long is it since you drank a Port Wine of really exceptional quality? Buy yourself

SANDEMAN PARTNERS

9/-

per bottle

and worth it. Other prices from 5/- to 12/- per bottle.

SANDEMAN

PORT

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Poor hubby returning each night,
With Spring-cleaning now at its height
Just looks and then moans,
Just sighs and then groans

£35

LIMERICKS

1ST PRIZE £15
2ND £5 3RD £3 4TH £2
TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Double). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, April 1, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

SOME RHYMES: *Appetite, bite, blight, bright, contrite, dynamite, excite, fight, fright, affright, invite, light, alight, twilight, might, night, midnight, moonlight, plight, quite, right, aright, outright, rite, sight, slight, smile, spite, tight, trite, unite, write.*

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.409a

BRING SPRING FRESHNESS INTO YOUR HOME - WITH THE *Berkeley Superlax*

Now that milder days and spring sunshine are brightening up the world outside, why not give your home spring freshness too? Just one new piece of furniture will make all the difference to your home—especially when it is the Berkeley Superlax. With its friendly bright upholstery, it adds to the appearance of the room as well as giving glorious comfort. The unique feature of this Easy Chair is the patented automatic action which enables you to change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without having to leave or adjust the chair. Whatever your mood—whether you want to knit, sew, read or relax at length—the Berkeley Superlax gives you the perfect position of ease, and it suits everyone, tall or short. It costs so little too, for specialised production in the modern Berkeley factories and direct selling to the public have cut down all costs to a minimum. Take this opportunity to brighten up your home in the most economical way.

The *Berkeley* SUPERLAX

See the models of Berkeley Upholstery and range of Coverings before deciding upon your furnishing scheme. Send Coupon NOW!

IN 3 QUALITY COVERINGS

CASH PRICE **72/6** or 7/-—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly

SETTEE to match £6 : 2 : 6

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong essential castors. *Fully Patented No. 414464.*

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money back if not satisfied within 7 days. FREE Delivery in England, Scotland and Wales.

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own Factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.) 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

Name _____

Address _____

John Bull _____

It's good

If you see it advertised in "John Bull"

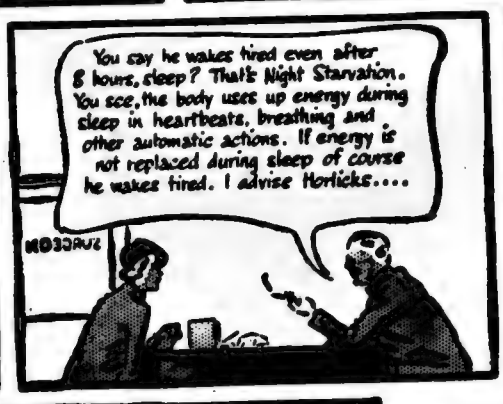
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33

WIFE'S FIGHT TO SAVE HUSBAND

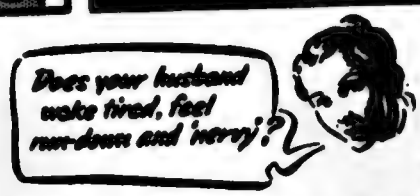
This is going too far, Evans. First you're late on schedule and now here's a summons for going over the lights. Our other drivers don't get into trouble like you. What's wrong, man?

THAT EVENING
If I lose my licence my job's done for. But what can I do? I've been feeling so run-down lately. My nerves are all gone to pieces....
Jack, darling, you mustn't lose your job. It'd be too awful!!

THAT NIGHT MRS. EVANS LAY AWAKE THINKING
Grocery bills - milk bills - gas bills - he mustn't lose his job. Why is Jack so run-down, I wonder? He sleeps all night but it doesn't seem to refresh him. First thing tomorrow I'm going to see a doctor


You say he wakes tired even after 8 hours' sleep? That's Night Starvation. You see, the body uses up energy during sleep in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions. If energy is not replaced during sleep of course he wakes tired. I advise Horlicks....

You're the best driver we've got, Evans — so we're putting you on to the Glasgow-London run. It'll mean a rise in pay for you
I'm glad you're satisfied with me now, Sir
Thank goodness for Horlicks



IF SO, remember that always waking tired holds a man back in life — he loses his self-confidence. Give him Horlicks regularly at bedtime. He'll be a different man, full of vitality. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS guards against Night Starvation

Hired by landlords, private bluffers can tyrannise tenants—

Beware these Bluffing Bailiffs

Family looks on while bailiff's men strip the home for a small rent debt

ON the doorstep a stout, shabby man, with bowler hat cocked aggressively.

From an inside pocket he flicks a foot-long blue paper.

"My warrant," he says. "I'm a King's man. Let me in."

He does not wait for answer to his demand. His shoulder shoves wider the half-opened door.

He steps inside, brusquely brushing aside the startled housewife he has been addressing.

"I'm in possession," he announces. "Remember, I'm an officer of the law. Any trouble, and I will call the police."

From his breast pocket he produces a whistle—just as a reminder that a blast on it may bring the police speeding to his summons.

The coloured paper is smoothed out and he pretends to read from it. Actually, he knows what he is saying by heart.

This is the frightening mumbo-jumbo he recites:

". . . liable to suffer imprisonment in the House of Correction, therein to be kept to hard labour without bail or mainprize for six months, pursuant to the Act Eleventh George the Second, c. 10."

He is quoting from an old Statute defining the penalties on anyone who removes or conceals any goods in the house.

He's a bailiff—put in for rent.

★ ★ ★

Not there by any order or authority of a court. Merely taking possession on the instructions of the landlord.

For landlords have a position unique in law.

They can still seize and sell a tenant's property, if the house is not controlled, without a judgment of the court—without even first demanding any rent that is owing.

No other creditor has such immense and amazing powers. Even the Inland Revenue and the local authorities must obtain judicial sanction before they can levy execution for arrears of income tax or rates.

A landlord need only sign an authority to a bailiff for distress to be levied.

Any other creditor, by permission of the court, can only take goods which actually belong to the debtor.

Landlords can confiscate *all* goods on the premises, whether they belong to the tenant or not, although there is a legal process by which the property of someone else may be recovered on application to a police or county court.

They can seize the goods of the tenant's wife, goods over which a bill of sale has been granted, goods which the tenant has on hire-purchase.

All for the smallest portion of rent that may be owing—even if the tenant has been only one day in default.

The occupier need be given no opportunity to pay the debt, however small, by instalments, as every other kind of debtor without means is allowed to do by the courts.

He can be sold up without more ado and left with no more than the clothing and bedding of himself and family and the tools and implements of his trade to a total value of £5.

Throughout Britain to-day the bailiffs are busy as they have never been before. Landlords are using these tremendous tyrannical powers mercilessly and on a scale without precedent.

★ ★ ★

Many M.P.s, particularly those representing constituencies in the midlands and the northern industrial areas, have become deeply perturbed by reports of what is going on.

Coroners are getting first-hand evidence of it with tragic frequency.

In a north country town a husband collapsed at the inquest on his wife, who had taken her life in despair.

"There was no bed left to sleep on," said the man, describing the monstrous and largely illegal manner in which his home was sacked.

His debt for rent and the bailiff's costs was £9. But furniture to the value of £80 had been removed by the bailiff to satisfy it.

There are many much worse cases than that one.

Most savage of all are the property speculators who have been buying up houses in working-class districts.

Not only do they raise rents excessively. They proceed to extract their price by free use of the bailiffs whenever the oppressed tenant falls a few shillings behind in payment.

Of course, when this type of bailiff calls himself a King's man and speaks about his warrant, describes himself as an officer of the court, and so on, he is only uttering so much trashy bluster—which often carries tragedy in its wake.

His usual assertion that he has the "police behind him" is also often just bluff.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately, in some parts of the country, police officers have lent themselves to bailiffs' intimidatory methods by appearing at houses under distraint and standing by on the frail suggestion that their presence is necessary to prevent a possible breach of the peace.

But most chief constables frown severely upon the wiles of bailiffs who ask for the services of constables—usually merely a device to put more frightfulness into their nasty bit of work.

The only status these private bailiffs hired by landlords really possess is that they have a general certificate issued by the county court. But in no sense are they officers of any court.

Gravest part of the scandal in the use of this merciless engine for the oppression of the honest poor is that in case after case much more of the tenants' goods is taken and sold than is necessary for the rent due.

Indeed, even when furniture of twenty times the value is taken away for rent arrears of a pound or two it is not uncommon for the tenant to be told that it has not realised the amount owing and that he is still in debt for the balance.

The reason is, of course, that the goods are auctioned at hole-and-corner sales, attended only by a few dealers who bid by pre-arrangement. Seldom is there any competitive buying.

It is almost useless for the tenant to know that if excessive distress has been levied there is legal machinery by which he can proceed to recover.

The law is that he can only do so if the amount of goods taken is "grossly" disproportionate to the rent owing. But there is neither definition nor standard for "grossly."

In any case the tenant is obviously without the means to take legal advice and action.

This naked brigandage will not end until the landlords are put on the level of all other creditors, and tenants in arrears with rent are given the opportunity to be examined as to their means by a county court registrar so that they can be allowed to pay by fair and reasonable instalments.

Only then will private, blustering bailiffs be put out of business. They bring shame on reputable men in an unhappy trade.

JOHN BULL urges this reform.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Unteachable Untouchables

IN India there is a political problem caused by a class of people known as the "Untouchables."

Here there is a human problem caused by a class of people known as the "Unteachables."

Ignorance is the symptom of unteachability.

Any person who can't be taught is simply a person who doesn't know, but there never was an age in the history of the world when there was less excuse for not knowing.

Knowledge to-day is as plentiful and as free as the air we breathe.

Mostly "Unteachables" are people of middle age or beyond. They have grown so used to not knowing.

Petrified in what little stock of ideas they once acquired, they have come to believe there's something rather derogatory about the idea of learning.

Their bodies may be 40 or their arteries 45, but their minds are 90—and a decrepit 90 at that. They are so ignorant that they don't even know how ignorant they are.

If we'd any sense we'd make our unteachables untouchables as well. That might at least teach them sense.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHED THIS
AWFUL RASH

RECORD RESULTS IN ALL CASES OF
ABSCESSES
BOILS
ITCH
WOUNDS
SEPTIC SORES
ULCERS
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
BLACKHEADS
CHAPS
SCALDS
CHILBLAINS
ACHE, BURNS
CRACKED SKIN
PSORIASIS
ABRASIONS
RINGWORM
STRAINS

Dear Sirs: "A severe rash broke out on my body and limbs, the itching and burning was terrible, especially at night. I tried GERMOLENE, and the intense itching ceased within 5 minutes. Now the rash has completely disappeared."
Mrs. M. C., Attworth.

GERMOLENE performs "Skin Healing Magic"! It ends instantly the smarting, burning, itching—clears away the worst skin trouble in record time. Even awful ulcers which had defied treatment for years are healed by GERMOLENE. Get a tin TODAY!

6d. 1/3 3/- & 12/- PER TIN
Tubes 4/6
Sold Everywhere

FOR PILES USE
GERMOLOIDS
Brand 1/3 PER BOX

A GRAND TONIC

Restores Youthful VIGOUR

'LIVE' Yeast is LIFE....

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to men and women of all ages and increases the JOY OF LIFE. ... PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.
Perfectly Safe . . . . . Not habit-forming
From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is LIFE ITSELF!

That's got you keyed up!

This is a banjo! If a banjo sounds as topsy-turvy on your radio as it looks in this picture, there's something you can do at once. Get an Exide Battery.

Exide BATTERIES FOR RADIO

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

EXIDE 'HYCAP' BATTERY (*High Capacity L.T. Battery*)
For modern multi-valve sets—lasts longer on one charge. For small sets use the Exide 'D' Type. Both have the Exide Charge Indicator. Your dealer will tell you which to use.
For High Tension use Drydex.

R.4

From reputable dealers and Exide Service Stations. Exide Service Stations give service on every make of battery.

The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, near Manchester. Also at London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow and Belfast.

You Can Choose Your
THREE

Harlene-Hair-Drill *FREE offer*

1 HARLENE HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

During Five Royal Reigns the name of "Harlene" has stood paramount and supreme. Thin, impoverished and skimpy Hair becomes thick, virile and richly abundant! Straggly, Brittle, Splitting Hair becomes elegantly neat, obedient to brush and comb, soft and silky! Falling hair is stopped and new Healthy Hair commences to grow upon bald patches!

Price 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

2 Cremex Shampoo

Delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. Frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. FREE Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each.)

3 Uzon Brilliantine

"UZON" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. This highly refined brilliantine is invaluable to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4 Harlene Wave Setting Lotion

Keeps the hair in wave and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Protects against fog, mist, damp, and even sea air! Saves £ £ £'s on Waving Bills! 7½d. and 1/3. Special for Blondes, Harlene GOLDEN Wave Set.

5 Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash

Doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair, and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

6 Astol Hair Colour Restorer

If your hair is Grey "ASTOL" will bring it back to a youthful colour—making you look years younger. 1/9, 3/- and 5/-.
From all Chemists.

SAMPLE COUPON

EDWARDS HARLENE Ltd. (H750), 20-22, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.
Please send me Preparations 1 2 3 4 5 6
BLONDE-BRUNETTE
Cross out three numbers NOT required and "BLONDE" or "BRUNETTE"
Enclose Name and Address and 4d. stamps for postage and packing.
Offer does not apply to EIRE.
Stamp envelope with 1½d. stamp.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blouts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 2/-

VENOS BRAND LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

will

STOP *YOUR* COUGH *LIKE LIGHTNING!*

WIN HEALTH WIN STRENGTH WINCARNIS

3/3 OR CHAMPAGNE QUART SIZE 5/6

Nature's way with all
GASTRIC and DIGESTIVE troubles

DRUGS ARE USELESS
except as a temporary palliative. "Suntona" Wholemeal SLIPPERY ELM Food nourishes the body, whilst the fine, gelatinous Slippery Elm Bark (*Ulmus Fulma*) acts as an "internal poultice," soothing the tender, delicate membranes of the intestine, sweetening the digestive tract, healing inflamed tissues, ulcers, piles, etc. It has prevented an appendicitis operation in many thousands of cases.
Delicious in flavour—easily prepared.
Readily digested and assimilated by the feeblest constitution, "Suntona" is the perfect diet for invalids and all stomach sufferers (Gastritis, Colitis, Ulceration of Stomach, etc.). Try this natural way to health to-day. ½lb. 1/1d., at Health Food Stores, Boots, Timothy White's and Taylors, etc.
FREE! Test sample 6d., with invaluable FREE 64-pp. book, "Nature's Healing Powers," from Suntona Ltd., 29, Exchange Walk, Nottingham.
Suntona
WHOLEMEAL SLIPPERY ELM FOOD

To SUNTONA Ltd., 29, Exchange Walk, Nottingham.
Please send me Test Sample "SUNTONA" SLIPPERY ELM Food and Free 64-pp. Book, 6d. (P.O./Stamps) enclosed.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
.....

Get the most out of smoking

When you smoke a cigarette rolled in A.G. paper, you can tell the improvement at once. Your tobacco is smoking at its best, giving you all its real flavour. There's no irritation on your throat but a smoke cool to the last puff. And if you're a smoker of packet-cigarettes, you'll find that you're well in pocket by rolling your own in A.G. Start to-day. But remember, insist on A.G. It's the best, yet it costs no more.
Fits all machines and gives best results.
AG PAPERS
Now packed in 3 styles
For WHITER Cigarettes —try 'GREEN A.G'

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL
BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.
Frame 18, 21, or 22in. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Leather-covered Seat. Handlebars. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Rubber Pedals. Calipar Rear Brake. Middlemore's Roller Pattern Saddle. "Reliall" Rear Reflector. Accessories. £6.17.6 or Guaranteed 6/- monthly. Ladies' Model: free-wheel, fixed sprocket, 2 brakes, £6.4.6 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Guaranteed Free. Illustrated Lists free on application.
J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD
6/-
NOW

Lost Souls

(Continued from page 21)

of his fingers, it was obvious that he had something pretty serious on his mind.

"I'm afraid it's rather private, sir," he stammered at last.

"Better come down to my cabin, then.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Jerry, as he closed his cabin door.

Desmond hesitated a moment, then came straight to the point.

"I've got engaged, sir—I haven't been able to tell my parents or anyone yet—so as you are a friend of my father's, I thought you ought to be the first to know."

Jerry held out his hand.

"My heartiest congratulations. Do I know her by any chance?"

"I don't expect so, sir."

Something in the tone of Desmond's voice caused Jerry to look at him closer. He was met by a pair of defiant eyes.

"She's one of the dancing girls at Frank's Tavern at Taxime. . . ."

★ ★ ★

Why didn't the skipper say something? Why didn't he tell him not to be a fool or lecture him or—anything but this confounded silence?

But Jerry was laboriously scraping out his pipe.

He knew that questions would only bring forth stilted, carefully-considered answers, whereas if he kept his mouth shut, the whole story would soon come tumbling out—which, of course, it did.

"I know it must sound foolish, sir, but she isn't the ordinary type of dancer. She's in a troupe of Russians there, and as soon as I set eyes on her I could tell she was a cut above the rest. To start with, she's English, sir, and—well, I could see there was something devilish tragic in her being there at all."

"How did you meet her?"

Desmond leant forward in his chair, and in short, jerky sentences unburdened himself.

The first time he had been there he had waited for her after the show, but she had never appeared.

He had discovered that this happened every night, so had come to the conclusion that somebody took her home.

Last night he thought he'd have a look at the fellow, so, instead of going inside, he had waited by the side door through which he knew she'd have to leave.

He could hear their turn going on inside, and soon after the music had stopped, the door had opened and she had got straight into an empty *garry*, which had been waiting for her. For a moment he had hesitated, then he had jumped in after her.

At first the driver had refused to go on, but after a tip and a lot of talk he had shrugged his shoulders and driven off to one of those filthy, broken-down hovels off the Rue de Pera.

Except for a little gasp when Desmond had sat down beside her, she had seemed almost lifeless, too terrified to speak. Cringing—that was the word; she had seemed to cringe and take everything that happened for granted.

When the *garry* eventually stopped, he had thought she was going to speak, but instead she jumped straight out and made off up some dark rickety stairs.

When, a few moments later, he reached her room, he could just see her in the light of a turned-down gas-jet, huddled on a broken-down bed, weeping.

At first she had implored him to go away, but after continually assuring her that he only wanted to help, she told him her story.

Desmond hesitated a moment, staring down at the carpet. Jerry looked up from lighting his pipe.

"What was it?' he asked sympathetically.

The young lieutenant shook his head thoughtfully before answering.

"One tragedy after the other," he went on at last. "She doesn't know much of her parents, except that her mother died in giving her birth, and that, as far as she knows, they were not married.

"After being sent to an orphanage, she took to the stage, and was touring on the Continent, when the company broke up, leaving most of them stranded. She then met this fellow Frank, a real nasty piece of work, and was forced, in desperation, to come here.

★ ★ ★

"Her troupe is going on to Saloniks soon, and Frank has told her that he wants her as his friend—and you know what that means. He can't touch her here, you see, because his wife is with him, but meanwhile he's determined that no one else shall have anything to do with Zoe. Hence the waiting *garry*.

"Of course, the poor child would sooner kill herself than do that, and I'm going to jolly well see she doesn't have anything more to do with him."

"And you intend to marry her?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Do you think you're entitled to throw yourself away like this out of sheer pity?"

"I'm not throwing myself away, sir," was the defiant reply. "She's far too good for me."

"Why not bring her to dinner to-night, before she goes on her show?"

Completely taken back, Desmond mumbled hurried thanks and hastened out of the cabin.

Jerry, at dinner, was over-jovial at first and later strangely quiet as, with a queer, far-away look in those deep blue eyes of his, he cast occasional furtive glances at the girl on his right.

Desmond Moore, rather sullen and on his guard, felt certain that before long the Captain would try to separate his fiancée and himself.

He knew what was going to happen. After dinner he would be tactfully sent away on some trivial errand and then, in his absence, the skipper would appeal to Zoe's better nature.

Better nature be damned! What did it matter if a girl had danced in a fourth-class cabaret show? She was none the worse for that.

Shortly after coffee, Jerry looked at his watch and, apologising rather ceremoniously for appearing to break up the party, suggested that if Desmond wished his fiancée to be in time for her show, he had better see that a boat was ready.

"By the way," he added, "I think I left my cigarette-case in the ward-room this morning. Would you mind seeing if you can find it?"

Desmond, realising that the fatal moment had arrived, rose, and with a last look at the girl, left. The cigarette-case was, of course, not to be found, but, out of sheer politeness to his host, he waited a few moments, and then returned.

As the door opened, the sound of a quick movement came to his ears.

The desk was open and Jerry's right hand was resting on Zoe's left, both covering what appeared to be an old and tattered photograph.

Very still they stood, both staring at him, and, as Desmond hesitated, not knowing quite what to do, two small tears started to trickle from what were normally such gay and laughing eyes.

There followed an uncomfortable pause, broken at length by Jerry.

"I congratulate you, Desmond," he said. "You're a devilish lucky person!"

Desmond could hardly believe his ears. "Will you write and tell my father that?" he asked quickly.

"I certainly will!" smiled Jerry.

The young lieutenant crossed and took Zoe's hand, looking down at her a little self-consciously. "Of course, they'll love you once they meet you, darling, but you know what parents are—girls on the stage—and all that!"

"On the stage is putting it mildly," she whispered.

"You leave it to me," said Jerry confidently, and aded wistfully, "Believe me, I've had a lot of experience of parents!"

★ ★ ★

Jerry stood on the quarter-deck watching the lights of the boat disappear towards the shore.

Once again he saw those laughing eyes as Bubbles sat beside him in Portsdown all those years ago. Then his thoughts changed to another pair of laughing eyes he had met that evening.

Jerry took a cigarette from his case and as he did so there was a "swish" . . . He turned quickly in its direction and could just make out the black shapes as they raced by.

Suddenly, as he watched, one of the birds seemed to waver, lag a little, and then swing towards the ship.

With what appeared to be a tremendous effort, it rose to the height of the guard-rail, stopped in its flight, gave one last flutter and, with a soft thud, fell at his feet—dead.

He picked up the little body and stroked it tenderly.

Perhaps one lost soul of the Bosphorus had been saved at last. . . .

The Greatest of These . . .

Mary

THIS week we are appealing for another "Mary," aged six, who is a very tragic little figure.

She has been in hospital for nephritis, and is still under the doctor for debility.

Her ex-Service dad, a 1914 Mons Star man, is very distressed on account of his little girl. She sometimes has to go to school hungry and cold for want of food and warm clothing. Her father has been out of work for over five years, with the exception of an odd week now and again.

"After being so long unemployed," he says, "we are right out of everything. I am paying 1s. week off a loan of over two pounds which I borrowed to pay arrears of rent when the bailiffs were put in.

"We have no bedclothes or underclothes, and we cannot buy what we should for the child. We cannot even get her enough ordinary food."

Life looks very dark to Mary's father, and we should like our friendly readers to show him a brighter side by sending donations earmarked "Mary S." These, and subscriptions towards our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

This ★ Next Week

—you will have the thrill of reading a brand-new story involving the characters in "Ten-Minute Alibi," the most widely-celebrated crime play of our time. The author, Anthony Armstrong, has written a "sequel short story" specially for this series in JOHN BULL. The people and the sinister atmosphere of the play have been introduced into this story with great dramatic effect.
From the first line to the last you will be carried along on a wave of tension and excitement.

"You've a lucky girl having such a bright and cheerful kitchen. But how do you keep it so clean?"
"Really, Madam. With the help of a little Min Cream, all the white enamel paint comes up beautifully bright and spotless. And I use it with equally good effect on the tiles, too."
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How Professor Polland, famous dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for approaching

BALDNESS

Dr. Polland sums up his wide experience of the cause and cure of baldness in few words—'Ninety per cent. of baldness is caused by the starvation of the hair root. When the blood stream fails to feed the hair root, I invariably prescribe the application of Silvikrin, because it is the natural food the hair must have.'

Mr. Weightman (above) was 'for all intents and purposes bald.' See what a growth of hair he has now—thanks to Silvikrin! Read his grateful letter below—

260 Kingsley Road,
Hounslow, Middlesex.

Dear Sirs,

My hair had been falling out so badly for so many years, that for all intents and purposes I was bald - just a few straggling hairs was all I had left. Four months ago I started using Silvikrin, and have not missed a single application since that time, and I can say with pleasure that it definitely does grow hair. So pronounced has this growth been that I have recovered a head of healthy hair.

(sgd.) Frank Weightman.

As seen under the microscope by Mr. Weightman—a section of the human scalp, showing the hollows so-called 'root' which are seen right out. The real root is the fibrous growth underneath: it is this that Silvikrin nourishes.

The most amazing piece of research on hair growth is the discovery, by the brilliant biochemist, Dr. Weidner, of the fourteen separate and distinct organic components of the natural food the hair must have for its natural growth. These fourteen have actually been prepared in *nature's exact proportions*, in Silvikrin. When the bloodstream fails to deliver this food to the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair, and even baldness result, and *the only thing left to do is to apply Silvikrin.* This explains the spectacular success Silvikrin has had in clearing up dandruff, stopping hair falling, and actually making new hair grow — *as hundreds of doctors all over the world have proved.*

Look up *your* hair trouble in the table—see what you need—get your Silvikrin *to-day!*

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For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for **SILVIKRIN LOTION**

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore healthy new hair growth, use the concentrated natural organic hair food—

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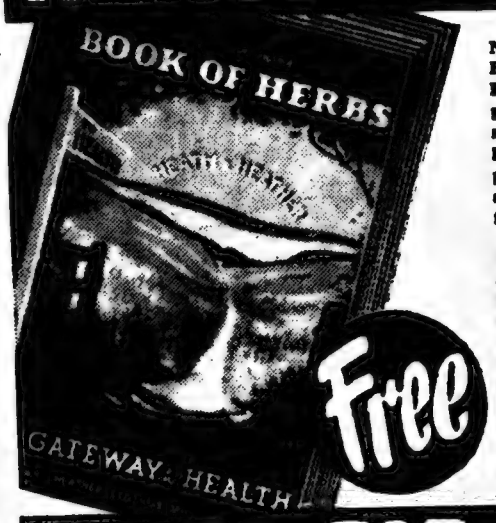

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

Few lads escape these painful eruptions, to some they are a constant and humiliating plague. If you have a son so afflicted, bathe the boils frequently and thoroughly with hot water and plenty of Cuticura Soap. After each fomentation anoint the boils liberally with Cuticura Ointment. This is the most effective outward treatment you can use for boils, pimples, and even stubborn ulcers, such as bad legs. Cuticura carries its cleansing, germ-killing, healing properties to the very core of the eruption. It speedily allays irritation and inflammation and induces a healthy condition which permits the formation of sound flesh and new skin.
Cuticura is the ideal first-aid and healer for cuts, grazes and all skin injuries. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It therefore gives sure protection against festering and septic poisoning.
In the home, the garage, garden and workshop, one's hands get in the wars; children at play tumble and bark their knees. For safety's sake keep a tin of Cuticura handy.
WORKS MIRACLES WITH STUBBORN ECZEMA. Stops the tormenting itch almost the moment it touches the skin, and often a single tin banishes an eruption of years' standing.

★ *Use Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It is as soothing to the skin as fresh dairy cream.*

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

CROSSWORD No. 102.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 40 and 41 is presented the 102nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lennox Abercrombie, L.M.S., D.I.M., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-system has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle System.

If all any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle figure appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 14, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 41. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the lump sum of £2,000 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one family.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
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Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

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"I Confess!"—by a convicted share-pusher

"You can see it has a very high gold content"

How 'dud' shares are Unloaded

by John Marsden Firth

IN this article I write about methods commonly used by "share-pusher" salesmen—the bandits on the road, and in direct, personal touch with the public.

The old bluster-and-bludgeon style of the American share salesman is finished. People are too wary.

In these days, to be successful, one must have a skilful, insidious technique.

To win anything big, a salesman must study the character, habits and foibles of each prospective client.

He must be able to talk to the man about *anything*, and gain his confidence in general matters before he ever mentions finance.

Believe me, some of the lads on the road are wonderful. I think they could sell "dud" stock to *me*.

And I speak as an expert, for I was one of the very best in the business.

People may imagine that the "share-pusher's" job is an easy one—nothing but travelling in a fine, large motor-car, staying at the best of hotels, and having plenty of money to spend.

True, it is easy money, compared with pick-and-shovel work. But—and it is a big but—do you ever consider how versatile we have to be?

Generally, my experience has been that the American "share-pusher" is much better informed than his English confrère. The American is an artist.

When on the road, I would never enter a town without making myself first acquainted with local events and politics.

I would study the district newspapers; note the posters advertising bazaars and meetings: drive to the churches to see the notices of forthcoming events, and even get the parish magazines.

By these means I "sensed the locality," and could later talk to a "prospect" about his own town affairs. I found that all this sidework tended to build up confidence.

Then, when calling at a house, I would notice everything about the place. One can appraise a man's hobbies and interests by a quick, discerning overlook of his home.

Afterwards, you can talk to the man about things on which *he can talk*. You can lead him on; raise a friendly argument, and accept his judgment on a point in dispute.

This pleases him and makes him think you are a sensible, likeable fellow.

Really, you play to his vanity, but in a subtle, unobtrusive manner. Instinct tells you when a hit has been made.

You can almost see the man saying to himself: "This fellow from London is, no doubt, very smart in his own particular line, but in many ways I can teach him things."

And that is the frame of mind you want to induce before a hint is given about the object of your visits.

Pay attention to the mistress of the house was always an axiom with me.

★ ★ ★

I would ask about her family—if she had children—or about her car, her golf, garden or holiday. Say that I had never seen such well-behaved children—say anything, in fact, to please her.

Later, when I had the man hovering in doubt about a deal, I would suggest that he should consult his wife. If I had done my work well, the wife would be on my side.

Normally, my share-pushing calls at houses would be in the evening, when the man was at home. But when there was the prospect of an extra good deal coming off, I would call at a house at a time when I knew the man would be out, *but the wife in*.

After expressing regrets at having missed her husband—"because the matter is pressing and it is important I should see him as soon as possible"—I would hint that the business would mean for her a better car, another holiday, or new furs.

Thinking that, the woman would influence her husband in my favour when the time came.

In making share deals, quite a number of visits have to be paid to a person who is good for a "touch" of thousands. By careful work one gets to know everything about the financial standing of the client—his position with his bank, and the extent of his investments.

Other things being equal, the more substantial the client, the easier he is to play, and the easier to land. He imagines he is too big and clever in business to be caught. Consequently, he is likely to be unwary.

Frequently in my travels about the country I have turned this trick to effect: I have a man friendly and "nibbling."

I tell him that I am expecting a cablegram from abroad—from South Africa, Canada, or wherever may be the home of the particular "dud" company whose stock is being unloaded.

You do not want the cablegram to reach you at your hotel; would he mind it being sent to him, care of his address. He agrees.

★ ★ ★

A cablegram arrives. You call for it, and show it to the client. It says that the deal is on the point of going through, but has been delayed. Confirmation of the signing of the agreement will be cabled later.

"May another cable be sent to me here?" you ask. The man is intrigued with the position, and consents.

Second cablegram arrives. The deal is complete; the company has been bought; already indication the shares will soar.

You tell the client that this is a little piece of work between yourself and a friend on the spot.

A substantial sum of money will be made by the people in the know. It is all very "hush-hush," and really you should not have allowed him to see the cables.

By now the man is "eating out of your hand." He thinks there is a "carve up," and he wants to join it. You sell him a big block of worthless shares.

★ ★ ★

He thanks you for what you have done, and you reply: "Rest assured, Mr. ——, although you will be making a big profit, we shall be making a still larger one."

Next day he receives his new share certificates. He watches the financial newspapers to read the expected news which will send the shares rocketing.

Nothing, of course, happens. His shares are never quoted in the financial columns.

Eventually he writes to the London office of the company (which is one of your sub-offices) for information. He receives a formal acknowledgment, with a promise that enquiries will be made.

Later he gets a letter: "We beg to inform you that Mr. —— (your name), formerly in our employment, has been discharged for grossly improper conduct in regard to communicating—without authority—private information as to the possible future of —— Company, Ltd."

There is a suggestion that criminal proceedings may be taken against "Mr. ——."

And that usually ends the matter. The client is nervous about his own position. He fears that, if proceedings are taken, he may be drawn in, or his name mentioned.

Dead easy, the whole thing! I have known that trick played on many people for scores of thousands of pounds.

In "share-pushing" we do a great deal of what is called "build-up work"—which is getting the client in the right frame of mind—before worthless shares are sold.

There is quite a number of public companies which start under favourable auspices, float their shares, and then become derelict. As share-pushers, we get control of such a company.

A salesman makes a round of the shareholders. To each one he explains that he is representing a syndicate which is anxious to acquire the shares of the company.

He says that, of course, he dare not give secrets away, but the company is likely to have a sensational success. The shareholder is already worried about the company.

As he has not heard anything about the concern for a considerable time, he thinks he has made a bad speculation.

Therefore he is pleased beyond measure to receive from the salesman an offer—far beyond his expectations—for the shares he holds.

"We will take all the shares we can

(Continued on page 38)

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The quickest, surest way to strengthen weak kidneys so that they expel pain-causing impurities and poisons from the system is to start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. In 24 hours from the first dose you see and know they are acting directly on the weak kidneys, cleansing and strengthening them.

These wonder-working pills will not only end pain but so strengthen the kidneys that you feel more vitally fit, more vigorous, younger and stronger than ever, able to really enjoy your work and pleasures.

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All mothers know this, but not all practise it. Often the instinct to save a few pennies by buying "something just as good" overcomes their caution.

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Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

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If you have Dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write:—

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For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 31.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 31. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, April 1, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

Send for this

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THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year.

Don't overlook the offer on page 31. The Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for small monthly payments of only 10/-. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send this to-day.

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Stomach Now Quite Healed

Who could blame a stomach sufferer for giving up every hope of a cure after 31 long years of suffering!

But relief does surely come when the remedy that never fails is put to the test. Mrs. M.H.Y., of Cornwall, discovered that to her everlasting joy. She writes: "I have been a terrible suffer from ulcers in the stomach for 31 years. I have tried no end of remedies, all of which failed. I have suffered no end of pain, but was advised to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After the first dose I began to improve, and now my stomach is quite healed.

"I shall be glad to recommend it to any stomach sufferer. My son was cured, after hospital treatment had failed, by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

No stomach sufferer can say his or her case is hopeless in the light of this Cornish lady's experience. Many thousands of stomach sufferers have been cured of stomach trouble or saved from operations for gastric or duodenal ulcers by MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. Never sold loose. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets. Also in handy pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

RHEUMATISM

The Dangerous Ages

Although Rheumatism spares neither youth nor sex, its deadliest work is done in the forties, fifties and sixties. The liver is liable to go wrong more easily then. Waste matter accumulates in the system. Poisons spread through the body. Sharp, needle-pointed Uric Acid crystals form in the blood.

What would you not give for relief, for swift, soothing freedom from this pernicious pain? Actually, you need give no more than 1/3! For 1/3 buys a large tin of Fynnon Salt.

See how simply Fynnon Salt removes the *cause* of Rheumatism. A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning liberates a combination of Sodium, Potassium and the elements of Lithium—"Nature's Salts of the Earth"—that have brought fame and fortune to the Mineral Springs of world-renowned Spas. These powerful Salts dissolve the Uric Acid crystals in your blood—rinse the system clear of poisons—allow the liver to work properly again. Rheumatism goes. Your limbs regain youthful elasticity and suppleness. You feel a new person. Start *to-day* with Fynnon Salt. 1/3 at all chemists.

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Putting Over a Big Swindle

Sir Chartres Biron, who, as magistrate at Bow Street, sentenced me to four months' imprisonment. It was my first prison sentence

"I Confess"

(Continued from page 36)

Remember this: Every device of the "share-pusher" is camouflaged.

To those who have lost money through "share-pushers" I say that I regret the part I have played in this dishonest business.

In earlier instalments of my confessions I have referred to my two convictions for "share-pushing." But even before I became a "share-pusher" I had a prison record.

My first sentence was over a paltry matter of £20. This was after I had been gambling in cotton futures, and made thousands. All of which I subsequently lost in fantastic extravagance.

I victimised a man out of £20 on a tale about a parcel of dyes, which could be purchased for that amount and resold for £80.

Of course, there was no deal. I just wanted the £20; indeed, I needed it.

On condition that I gave him the names of the people from whom I was buying, and to whom I was selling, the man lent me the money.

Real folly came later when, although I was making money fast again and could well have afforded to pay the man back, I did not do so.

I was drinking and gambling heavily and kept putting the debt off.

Many months passed before the man I tricked took any action. Then he complained to the police, and I was arrested one evening at my London flat.

My case was heard by Sir Chartres Biron at Bow Street. He gave me four months in the second division.

My second prison sentence I received in connection with a mail-order business for the sale of balloon fabric—surplus stock from the war. I advertised the fabric for sale in two of the national daily newspapers.

Orders simply poured in, each accompanied by a postal order. The eagerness of the public was really my undoing.

I had intended to run the business straight. I should have done so if I had been able to cope with the work.

But soon the whole affair was in a hopeless muddle. With no books, we did not know which orders had been sent or which had not. In any case, I had not enough fabric to meet the orders.

In less than a month I took—in small sums—more than £400. The inevitable happened. Police visited me and I was given six months at the Guildhall Court for obtaining money by false pretences.

Well, in these confessions, I have kept nothing back. I have shown exactly what a "share-pusher" does and how unscrupulous he can be.

Jack Marsden Firth, the "share-pusher," does not exist any longer. He is finished. He has paid the price for his delinquency and has learned wisdom.

For the future there is a new Jack Marsden Firth, who hopes to win through in honest occupations.

Special Pools Service

(by "Poolex")

THREE weeks ago there appeared in these columns a number of simple Tables of entries designed for use in the penny pools.

They gave the full markings required to cover certain combinations of results, and eliminated the difficulty of selecting bankers from the very open matches.

In addition to the popular penny pools, most coupons now contain a "pocket edition" of these pools, consisting of a list of from six to nine matches.

I want to show you how my "group banker" Tables can be used to build up an entry for these pools. As my example, I am tackling the problem of the 6-match points pool, which appears on two of the popular coupons.

Examination of this season's results shows that there are high percentages of aways and draws, and it appears that 3-way cover is required for all the matches. However, by rearranging the matches in Home Strength Order, the results present a more favourable picture.

(For the benefit of new readers, the Home Strength Order is simply a list of the matches in the pool rearranged so that the most likely home winner is at the top of the list, followed by the next most likely, and so on.)

Taking the first three matches (in the Home Strength Order) for the past 25 weeks, it is found that the heading of two homes—one draw has occurred six times, and one home—two draws four times.

Now, by adapting Table 1 (JOHN BULL, March 5) to cover one home—two draws we also ensure that if the matches result in the other popular heading of two homes—one draw, then one point only will be lost. Thus, in these three lines,

1XX
X1X, we obtain the best possible cover
XX1

for this group of matches.

In the same way, by analysis of the past results of the last three matches in Home Strength Order, it is found that the group heading of one draw—two away will cover these matches (either completely or with a limit of one point loss) in one week out of every two.

So, by adapting Table 1 again, to cover

X22

this heading, thus 2X2, we get the lines

22X

most likely to be successful for this group of matches.

Combining these lines with the three lines decided on for the first three matches will produce a nine-line entry covering six matches.

Remaining two matches are Nos. 4 and 5 in Home Strength Order, for which there are no very definite pointers to the likely results, but we can be sure of getting these two results correct by using the full permutation of nine lines to cover every possible result.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, March 26, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

61	Man. Un. v. Chesterfield.	31	Accrington v. Oldham.	11	E. Stirling v. Alloa.
53	Middlesbro' v. Brentford.	30	Kilmarnock v. Arbroath.	10	York v. Barrow.
45	Bury v. Bradford.	28	Tottenham v. Norwich.	9	Doncaster v. Lincoln.
41	Celtic v. Ayr.	27	D'mbarton v. St. B'rnards.	8	Liverpool v. Man. C.
40	Brighton v. Watford.	24	Chester v. Gateshead.	7	Preston N.E. v. Aston V.
37	Sheffield U. v. Swansea.	22	Queen's P. v. Clyde.	6	Southend v. Newport.
29	B'nemouth v. Gillingham.	20	Bradford C. v. Wrexham.	5	Clapton O. v. Notts C.
25	Stenhouse v. Montrose.	19	N'thampton v. Aldershot.	4	Cardiff v. Exeter.
24	Luton v. Sheffield W.	15	Leith A. v. Dundee U.	3	Barnsley v. Fulham.
23	Coventry v. West Ham.	14	St. Mirren v. St. J'nstone.	2	Leeds v. Derby.
22	Aberdeen v. Hamilton.	13	W.B.A. v. Arsenal.	1	Roth'ham v. N. Brighton.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

	Dunfermline v. King's P.	3	Southport v. Hartlepools.	19	Chelsea v. Everton. 44
	Mansfield v. Reading.	4	Stockport v. Plymouth.	20	Rochdale v. Hull. 47
	Carlisle v. Darlington.	5	Hibernian v. Falkirk.	21	Birmingham v. Blackpool. 48
	Newcastle v. Blackburn.	6	Q.P.R. v. Bristol C.	22	Bristol R. v. Millwall. 52
	Edinburgh C. v. Albion R.	8	Tranmere v. Crewe.	23	Queen of S. v. Hearts. 54
	Halifax v. Port Vale.	9	Hudd'sfield v. Sunderland.	28	Partick v. Motherwell. 55
	Morton v. Rangers.	11	Stoke v. Bolton.	30	Notts F. v. Southampton. 56
	Charlton v. Wolves.	13	Torquay v. Crystal P.	34	Forfar v. Raith R. 57
	E. Fife v. Cowdenbeath.	18	Walsall v. Swindon.	38	

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33

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Choose your Benson watch now and, for 3/- with order, you can possess one of these SOLID SILVER models, with fully jewelled lever movements covered by Benson's full written guarantee.

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☐ B Wristlet Watches
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J.B. 19/3/38

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Address.....

A TRICKY PERIOD that brings out to the fullest 'ASPRO' USES

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

We are going through a tricky period. All sorts of petty complaints are in evidence—sore throats—feverish colds—the usual semi-epidemic children's complaints—headaches—neuralgia—sleeplessness—influenza—irritability and many others. To deal with these complaints speedily will save you a lot of trouble, suffering and expense—also a lot of lying up. The way to banish them at their inception is to TAKE 'ASPRO.' There's no doubt about this, for hundreds of thousands of people can testify to 'ASPRO' effectiveness. It has the largest sale of any medicine of its kind in the world. A great factor is that 'ASPRO' is so safe a child can take it. It does not cause gastric upset nor stomach trouble. It acts in a soothing manner. The reason why 'ASPRO' gives such prompt relief and the reason for its great success is that, after ingestion in the system, it is a solvent of uric acid — an internal antiseptic—an antipyretic or fever-reducer and a powerful germicide. Therefore it attacks the causes of many complaints. So—

Sore Throats
Feverish Colds
Children's Complaints
Influenza
Headache
Rheumatism
Sleeplessness
Neuralgia

It's wise to keep 'ASPRO' ALWAYS AT HAND

READ THESE LETTERS →

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH IMI-TATIONS

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acety Isalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO Limited SLOUGH, BUCKS.

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

COULD HARDLY MOVE A MUSCLE

6, Loudon Grove, Princes Park, Liverpool, 8.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and thank you for the instant relief I have obtained from your 'ASPRO' tablets. I had a very heavy cold and such pains across my shoulders that I could hardly move a muscle in my body (let alone work). My wife got me 6d. of 'ASPRO' tablets. I took some of them and went to bed. And to my surprise the pain was greatly eased, the cold in the head gone. I took the remainder the next night and now I am back at work again.

So thanking you and wishing your goods a better and larger sale.

I am, Yours gratefully,
LEONARD WALKER.

FREE AT LAST FROM LUMBAGO AND RHEUMATISM

Mr. COTTERELL writes from 13, Pryce Street, Llanelly :—

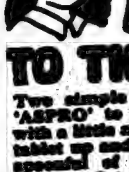
"I feel I must write and praise your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. I have been suffering from lumbago and rheumatism for over a year. I tried everything but 'ASPRO' without any relief at all. But thank goodness 'ASPRO' tablets have done me more good in one day than all the others put together. I never thought there was such a wonderful pain-reliever. I am only too glad to give you this testimonial. I have suffered terrible. I could not walk without the pram—simply could not walk by myself. Now I feel much better in a day than I have felt for years."

ROBBED OF WORK BY BAD THROAT

E.I.M. of 6 Rectory Terrace, Farnham Royal, Bucks, writes :

"I have great pleasure in writing to you to let you know what wonderful things your 'ASPROS' are. I have been suffering from a very bad sore throat, which I usually get in the winter, and causes me to lose a lot of time from work. But this time I have taken some of your wonderful 'ASPROS,' and have been able to carry on work. I can honestly say 'ASPROS' have given me more relief than anything I have ever taken."

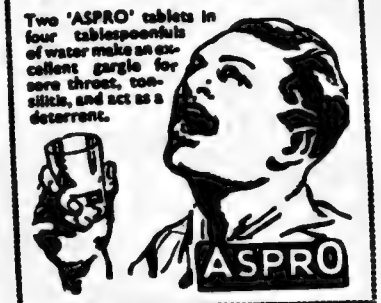
HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES



Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



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ONE WEEK ONLY to Enter JOHN BULL'S LIGHTNING OFFER of PENSION CASH and RADIO

One Week to Win Lifelong Independence!

THINK of the glorious feeling of security that would be yours if you knew that every week for the rest of your days a £5 Pension Cheque would arrive from "John Bull"! Imagine the countless good uses to which you could put an immediate fortune of £500!

That is the golden future awaiting an outright winner in "John Bull's" Record One-week Offer now before you. Use the same care and common-sense in tackling the Clues that has brought splendid outright victories to no fewer than 89 entrants in our Crosswords and there is no reason why that £5 Weekly Pension and £500 should not be yours.

N.B.—Should you wish to make extra entries for this Record One-week Offer, apply at once to "John Bull" as directed on this page; you will receive squares by return of post, also (for use if preferred) a new time-saving entry form which has been devised for the assistance of keen Crosswordersers.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 102. Closing SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 102. Closing SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

p.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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ACROSS CLUES

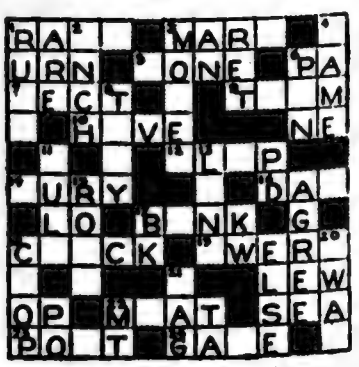
1. More common in marshy districts
3. A name many people associate with stars
5. Loud speaker's sometimes needs adjustment to give good reproduction.
7. Part of insect in section
9. There's alarm when one goes rapidly downhill
10. In which bees are kept
12. Child is often given one for playing about on floor
14. We're not surprised to hear judge rebuke one in court
16. Healthy youngster welcomes coming of
17. It's sometimes hard to keep balance in
18. One can tell time from this
19. Large jugs
22. Valuable when castle is besieged
23. Tramp sometimes finds haven in one
24. Everybody hates being at sea in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Sometimes comes off with very little trouble
2. Twelfth of a foot
3. Child very often does, for no apparent reason
4. Some producers have one for pantomime
6. Vessel in Spanish
8. Average suburban garden is
11. It's hard to get on when coach is this
13. Trees are sometimes planted in
15. Is in some cases whitewashed
18. People are sometimes willing to pay high price for lean one
20. Is occasionally taken by old fence
21. People sometimes want a match for

Enter on Squares on Left—Further Squares on opposite Page, including a FREE ENTRY COUPON

KEEP YOUR COPIES ON SQUARES BELOW



EXTRA ENTRY FORMS FREE

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. For extra entry forms send penny post-card to "John Bull's" "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) or new "Time-Save" forms required.

IMPORTANT NEW PRIVILEGE FOR CROSSWORDERS— SEE BULLETS PAGE

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL £100

BETWEEN ALL CASH WINNERS FROM WHOM "JOHN BULL" RECEIVES ENTRY FEE OF 1s. 6d OR OVER. ALL COUPONS TO BE IN SAME ENVELOPE AND BEAR SAME NAME AND ADDRESS.

UP TO 100 RADIO BONUSES

Superb "Vidor" Receiver with each Runners-up prize of £1 and over—and, if First Prize is shared, with each such share of £100 and over.

EACH VALUE £9.9s.

CLOSING SAT. APRIL 2

value over £3,000

Pension and £300 Won Outright in Crossword No. 99.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 99 the Adjudication Committee decided that the sender of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see right) was the following competitor:—

Mrs. J. BAKER,
7, Basilon Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive 30s. Weekly for Life and £300 Cash, or a lump sum of £750 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 29, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 59 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £1 13s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 369 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point RUSE and RUSK were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

Secure your Free weekly copy by ordering with your Entry the "Gazette" Coupon below.

KEEP YOUR COPIES ON SQUARES BELOW

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than **Saturday, April 2.**

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 14. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 19, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £2,000 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 35

Send this Coupon FOR FREE X-WORD AID

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Crossword Gazette."

I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME (and Initials).....
(IN BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 102, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 102—CLOSING SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1938

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 6 squares 1s. 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 102, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize coupons.

FREE COUPON for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 102, and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

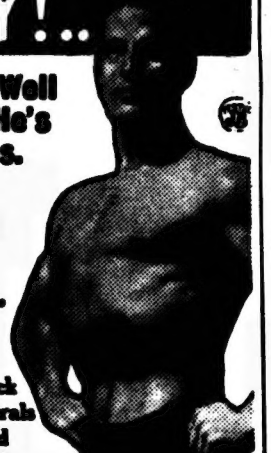
.....

FREE COUPON

The two Entry-squares on the coupon above are Free, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL SAT., APRIL 2

HE WAS ASHAMED OF HIS THIN MALNOURISHED BODY!...



...But Now Well Nourished, He's Gained 30 lbs. And Feels Fine

Like Thousands of Others He Found "VIKELP" Quickest Way to Overcome Malnutrition (Lack of Vitamins, Minerals and Iodine), Build New Strength and Health.

Read his actual letter . . .

"Gentlemen: I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my nineteenth birthday, so you see how long I have been skinny. Almost every Sunday kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous too. Even when I went to picnics in the summer I was ashamed to have my sleeves rolled up like other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 st. 8 lbs. and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen 'Vikelp' Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than thirty pounds. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how thankful I am for what 'Vikelp' Tablets have done for me, so I am going to thank 'Vikelp' Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me.—Yours truly, L. P. Curlese."

(*Testimonial No. 5112*)

Just another case of how "Vikelp" got at the cause—*malnutrition*. 99 times out of 100 these dangerous underweight, rundown conditions are caused by malnourishment (lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system). "VIKELP," made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains all the 6 vitally important Vitamins, A, B1, B2, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the 10 essential life-giving Minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength and add pounds of firm flesh.

MAKE THIS NO COST TEST

If you are weak, rundown, nervous, underweight, can't sleep and if even lots of foods fail to build up your weight, strength and energy, try "Vikelp" tablets for 10 days. If you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, have stronger nerves and add extra pounds of good solid flesh the first 10 days, the trial is *free*. Your own doctor will approve this way. "Vikelp" costs but little. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to Add Weight if needed—Banish Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Anæmia, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 2/4, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1.

VIKELP HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

3 FAMOUS HAIR-BEAUTY PREPARATIONS FREE!

Readers can test, free of charge, any 3 of the world-famous Harlene Hair products offered on page 33. These can be secured by attaching the Special Sample Coupon. Cut out numbers Not required and attach 1½ stamp for postage, etc.

Dad . . . Pedestrian Nerves by Maz

The Editor Laughs Last

REF. (Colchester).—"After the boxing match the timekeeper admitted that his watch was faulty." Seconds out?

G. B. (Richmond).—"I met her in a restaurant and we have been going round together." In the revolving door?

L. S. (Bath).—"When the clients saw that the dining-room was a bit wet, they weren't so keen on buying the house." It damped their enthusiasm.

T. P. (Winchester).—"As you might suppose from the enclosed photograph, my looks are the result of good food." Good, plain food, you mean?

CONDUCTOR (Ealing).—"I boxed the young urchin's ears when he tried to stop me punching his ticket." You clipped him instead

A. B. (Ely).—"I can assure you that there's not a scrap wasted in our house." You mean, the neighbours can overhear you?

M. L. (Dewsbury).—"The oculist has promised me that he will ascertain the cause of the pain in my eye." He'll look into it.

F. G. (Loudwater).—"He told me he had a beautiful display of spring flowers, but I discovered this was untrue." He led you up the garden.

D. N. K. (Blackheath).—"I fumed with annoyance when I found that my last stamp had no gum on its back." You couldn't stick that.

A. G. (Netheravon).—"I told our maid not to spill anything at the dinner I was giving." But surely she wouldn't talk to the guests?

L. S. D. (Taunton).—"When I told the gipsy my name she thought deeply for a few minutes and then told me I should become quite wealthy." Well, your initials look promising, anyway.

Mrs. S. (Barmouth).—"What shall I do with men who continually call to give demonstrations of vacuum cleaners?" Put them in different rooms and let them get on with the spring cleaning.

JIM (Leicester).—"Just as I was starting on my honeymoon my pals handed me a beautiful comb as a wedding present." The parting gift!

V. M. (Rhyl).—"I wonder why my new neighbour wanted to know whether I had any magazines or periodicals two or three years old." Perhaps he is going to start up as a doctor or a dentist.

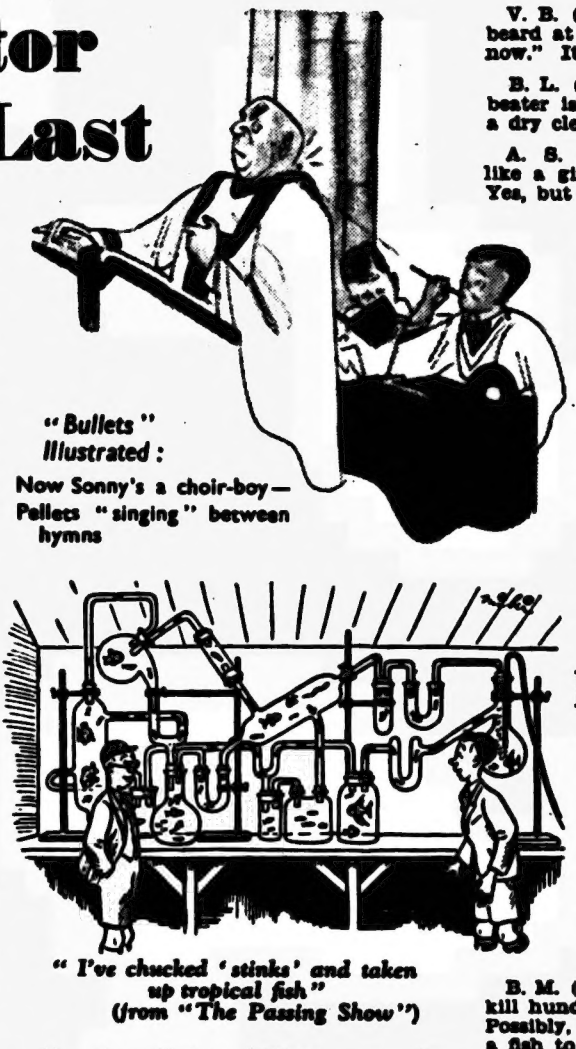
PHYLLIS (Guildford).—"Is it or is it not good form, to put the abbreviation 'P.T.O.' at the foot of a page?" Well, there's something to be said on both sides.

T. N. (Epping).—"To really enjoy hiking one needs a sound pair of feet, a good sense of direction, and a love of Nature." A persuasive way with lorry-drivers is also a valuable asset.

F. B. (Edgware).—"On rising, I fell over a small table which put me in a bad temper for the rest of the morning." Apparently you got out of bed on the wrong side.

E. O. R. (Clacton).—"The tug-of-war was becoming grim and serious, when suddenly one of the competitors slipped over, to the accompaniment of roars of laughter." It relieved the tension, eh?

O. G. (Boscombe).—"The man said the tablets would pre[illegible] tired feeling stealing over m[illegible]king hours, and would be [illegible]relation to me." They wo[illegible]yes, in fact



"Bullets" Illustrated:
Now Sonny's a choir-boy—
Pellets "singing" between hymns

"I've chucked 'stinks' and taken up tropical fish"
(from "The Passing Show")

P. R. (Stoke).—"Where are the cleverest crooks found?" They aren't.

T. R. (Bilston).—"My girl is greedy and always wants a lot." With a house on it?

S. G. F. (Wells).—"My wife can talk for hours on any subject." Some wives don't need a subject to do that.

Mrs. F. (Eastbourne).—"I find it quite easy to sew and read at the same time." Without losing the thread?

F. N. (Southport).—"There is no ill feeling between this country and France." There is, during a rough Channel crossing.

E. R. (Hatfield).—"I keep hens in my back garden." That's a change. Many people seem to keep them in other people's back gardens.

N. W. (Margate).—"I tried my hand at making a cake and my wife suggested I'd better try it on the dog first." Doesn't she like dogs?

T. M. (Luton).—"I have moved eleven times in the last two years." We have never taken up chess quite as seriously as that.

JOCKEY (Epsom).—"Before riding in the Grand National, I am going to study the course carefully from the air." So you'll be over the jumps before the race.

D. J. (London, E.).—"In the middle of a heated argument I suddenly found I was standing on wet concrete and didn't know what to do." You were stuck for an answer?

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

V. B. (Bicester).—"I hated my friend's beard at first, but I like it much better now." It's a thing that grows on one.

B. L. (Malden).—"My job as a carpet-beater is a terribly thirsty one." You're a dry cleaner, as it were.

A. S. G. (Cromer).—"I suppose you like a girl to have a fresh complexion." Yes, but not too often.

G. F. (Berlin).—"Schmidt went to England and made a name for himself." Smith?

S. B. (Hendon).—"As the audience applauded me quite a lot, I recited again." Well, they asked for it.

C. V. (Lancaster).—"When I left the job there was only one man I parted from with real regret." The cashier?

D. H. J. (Prestatyn).—"The man I marry must be a hero." Well, you're the best judge of your own looks.

J. B. (Ludlow).—"I'm told that some American radio announcers went on strike recently." So they wouldn't talk, eh?

EX-DETECTIVE (Kenton).—"Criminals are sometimes recognised by the flash ties they wear." Whereas the old school variety is never spotted.

I. O. U. (Larkfield).—"Do you think that oysters are healthy?" We've never heard one complain.

SCHOLAR (Perth).—"What would you say if somebody punished you for something you had not done?" So you've been neglecting your home lessons, eh?

B. M. (Atherstone).—"A single fish will kill hundreds of mosquitoes in one day." Possibly, but who on earth wants to take a fish to a picnic?

T. M. (Leeds).—"The use of telegrams has gone up enormously in the last year or two." And we're going to increase it further on the Thursday before Easter, April 14. Have you seen opposite page?

MOTORIST (Purley).—"When we came to the signpost we couldn't read anything on it as it had been deliberately plastered with mud." A case of dirty work at the cross-roads, eh?

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EASTERN DAILY PRESS, NORWICH:—"All the horses were SEVERELY CAPTURED."

SPORTING STAR, WOLVERHAMPTON:—"A few tips worth NOTHING before you fill up your coupons next week."

ABERGAVENNY CHRONICLE:—". . . have received some cats which have been badly treated by children—no doubt through sheer THOUGHTFULNESS."

DAILY EXPRESS:—". . . round-faced, round-shaped because of the BELLOWING scarlet gold-braided cloak, stood beaming for the photographers."

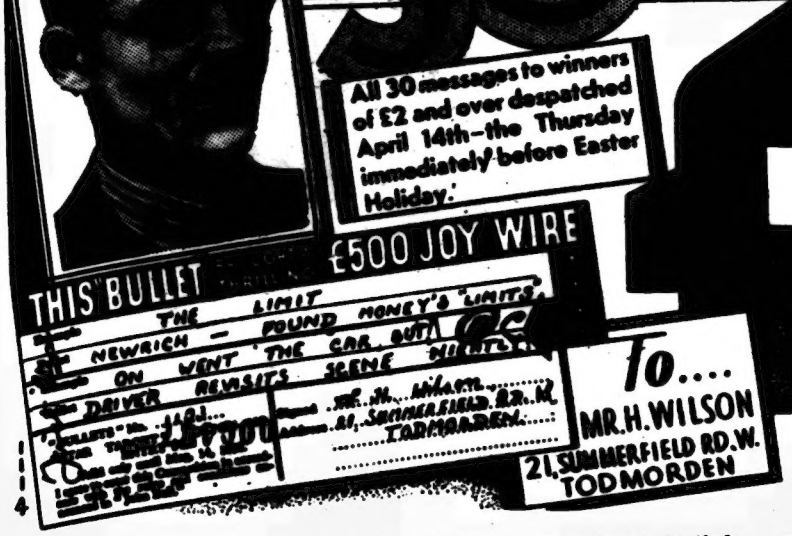
EVENING EXPRESS:—"He left his residence and furniture and half his residuary estate to his wife, and the other WIFE to his daughter . . ."

SOUTHERN TIMES:—". . . and when Mr. W—— died, still in harness, the duties of VINEGAR and sexton passed to his son."

30 EASTER JOY WIRES for BULLETEERS

AND YOURS MAY WELL ANNOUNCE THAT YOU HAVE WON

All 30 messages to winners of £2 and over despatched April 14th—the Thursday immediately before Easter Holiday.



£500 FIRST PRIZE

£50	£25	£10	£9
£8	£7	£6	£5	£4	10 of £3
10 of £2	6,000 MYSTERY PRIZES	All awards ACCOMPANIED BY UNIQUE OFFER OF	£175
250 of 2/6			

"BULLETS" No. 1,110 RESULT

First Prize, £500
(Won on Prize coupon.)

A. GARNER, Kings Lynn, 5, Bleak Hill Lane, St. Helens.

Example: DREAMING OF WEALTH.
Bullet: KEEPS POOR MAN'S "BALANCE."

SECOND PRIZE £50:

R. J. ROBERTS, 2, Glyn Terrace, Tredegar.
Example: Tragedy Of Spain
Bullet: "Reaper" Alone "Withdrawing" Men.

THIRD PRIZE £25:

W. J. DONOVAN, c/o Lloyds Bank, Limited, Walton Branch, Felixstowe.
Example: Dreaming Of Wealth
Bullet: Picturing Yacht—Neglecting "Oar."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Mrs. D. LESLIE, 88, Cotswold Gardens, East Ham.
Act Of A Madman—Allowing "War-dog" Another "Bite."

£9: Mrs. T. JACKSON, 30, Lyndene Road, Manchester.
People Like Us—Poorly Paid—Poorly, Unpaid.

£8: J. WARD, Byles Green, Bucklebury, Berks.
Nothing To Regret—Very Few, Viewing "Perry."

GIANT IDEAL HOME OFFER

In next week's issue only, "John Bull" will offer a Record One-Week Ideal Home Prize of a £1,200 House and £500 cash.

£7: M. WARNER, Upper Winchendon, Bucks.
Dogged—That "Grain" *Crushes* "Millstone."

£6: J. E. SHARROCK, White Lion Hotel, Ormskirk.
Lesson I've Learnt—Share-pusher's "Certificate" Recalls.

£5: A. H. MARTIN, 7, Keyfield, St. Albans.
Hurried—Her Answer, "Creeping" Years.

£4: Miss N. MILLER, 1, Western Road, Bristol.
No! Strong Enough—Sonny, For Homework's "Flogging."

10 OF £3 EACH:

Miss E. COLLEY, 48, Street Lane, Leeds.
She's Only A Girl, But—Sonny Welcomes Her Sweets!

H. C. DAVIS, 11, Blackwater Street, Belfast.
Going On The Films—*Poverty's* "Test" Experienced Later.

Mrs. M. FIELDING, 117, Ridgehill Avenue, Sheffield.
Not Strong Enough—Clothes-line, For Auntie's "Flimsies"!

S. J. GOSSLING, 10, Stanpit, Christchurch.
Spring, The Magician—Explains My Barometer's "Tricks."

R. E. HAMLYN, 7, Gill Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Dreaming Of Wealth—Disturbed—"Finished Accounts, Smith?"

A. JENKINS, 1, Hall Road, Chadwell Heath.
When Life Seems Drab—Sonny Hides Father's Stud!

J. S. NIXON, 20, Frankby Road, Wirral.
Upset The Lodger—Salmon He "Leaped" At.

B. SCHOFIELD, 63, Chalfont Street, Bolton.
Upset The Lodger—Overhearing "He's *Eaten* It!"

Mrs. A. THORPE, 26, Seymour Street, Manchester.
When Life Seems Drab—"Let's Pretend, Mummy——" Rebukes.

J. WATSON, 139, Harton Lane, South Shields.
Emperor Hitler—Proudly "Sits on" *Overthrown.*

Each of the above winners who qualified as instructed will also receive a 25-guinea "Philips" Radiogram. A list of 25 10s. and 200 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

"WHAT a magnificent birthday present!" were the words of the young First Prize-winner (seen above) when he learnt of his £500 success. "I was twenty-six on Wednesday, and never dreamed that before I was a week older I'd be worth several hundred pounds!"

Another "Bulleteer" will be £500 to the good as the result of the fine One-Week Offer now before you—enter a few simple words on one of the giant Easy-to-enter coupons from this page and this week's fortune for two, three or four simple words may well be yours!

HOW TO WIN

Select, say, six *Examples* and against each one jot down all the rough ideas it suggests.

Now, a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, must be to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, TASTES DIFFER, SO, you had scribbled *Our Dog Likes Bite At Each Caller*. From that you could easily produce the *Bullet*, TASTES DIFFER, SO—FIDO'S SAMPLED POSTMAN, POLICEMAN ——.

You have only a few days in which to enter a *Bullet* which will bring one of this Contest's thirty prize telegrams to your address on the Thursday before Easter. So, as soon as you have studied the winning *Bullets* in our 1,110th Contest on this page, start on the *Examples* and make sure your entry is posted on or before Saturday, April 2.

★ NEW SERVICE FOR READERS

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose a Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to "John Bull," address joint entry envelope "Crossword No. 102 and 'Bullets' No. 1,114," "John Bull," Long Acre London, W.C.2, marking it "C. and B" in top left hand corner.

Closing postmark of Saturday, April 2 allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crossworders with extra day if also entering for *Bullets*.

To any prize of £5 or over won in Crosswords or *Bullets* this week with a coupon forming part of an entry in the same name and address under this Combined Entry Plan, "John Bull" will add a £5 Bonus on application.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example."

JOB FOR THE BULLDOG
UNLESS WE'RE PREPARED
DICTATOR REITH
WHAT MOTHERHOOD MEANS
IN LOVE WITH THE WORLD
TO FEED OUR FAMILY
NEVILLE KNOWS
OUGHT TO GO
WHEN REASON RULES
EUROPE'S JIGSAW
TELEVISION'S HERE, BUT
HOWLING WOLVES
AFTER THE EXAMINATION
THE CURTAIN ROSE AND
BETTER PERFORMANCE
MORE KICKS THAN HA'PENCE
NOW WE'VE A BATHROOM
THROWN OVERBOARD
TOO MUCH FOR DAD
TURNED ON
TASTES DIFFER, SO
MORE MANLY
TO COMPLETE HIS EDUCATION
STRING OF LIES
HER SMILE
WHAT THE BLACKMAILER SAID
AT OUR FIRM'S OUTING
TAKING THE BIGGEST
MY FUTURE
AT THE ZOO
MAN WITH A PAST
WHEN EVERYONE'S SATISFIED

GIANT EASY-TO-ENTER COUPON — CLOSING POSTMARK SAT APRIL 2

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,114)

Closing postmark SAT., April 2.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

GIANT EASY-TO-ENTER COUPON — CLOSING POSTMARK SAT APRIL 2

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,114)

Closing postmark SAT., April 2.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,109 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Lacey, School Lane, Sprowston, Norwich.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,114 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to Joux Bull and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as finally and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,114, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C 2 (Comp.)

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

SPRING is just round the corner and with it new Spring fashions. But have you got that slender line which modern fashions demand? If not, try a couple of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are the safe approved method of slimming. Being purely vegetable you can take them nightly with perfect safety.

Bile Beans tone up your system, cleanse the blood of winter impurities and **daily eliminate fat-forming residue.** Thus Bile Beans not only rid you of unwanted fat, but give you a clear skin, bright eyes and radiant health.

Don't forget—two Bile Beans nightly.

"I know how essential it is to have 'appearance' and be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times and keeps my figure slim and attractive."
Miss D. H., Wembley.

"Since I commenced to take Bile Beans I have reduced by twenty-two pounds, and feel ever so much better for it. Thanks to Bile Beans, I don't have to diet, but can eat anything I fancy without fear of putting on weight." **Mrs. L. M., Belfast.**

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Be sure that you ask for and receive "Bile Beans"

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